

No. 5 November 1981 50p

KEEP RANG!

METAL
MAYHEM
MONTHLY

In colour . . .

**SAXON!
RUSH!
PRIEST!
MAIDEN!
BUDGIE!
OZZY!
REO!
RIOT!
HAGAR!
WILD
HORSES!
TYGERS!
BILLY
SQUIER!
FRANK
MARINO!
STEVIE
NICKS!**

**Yesterday
And Today!
Rock
Goddess!**

50 'Heavy Metal' movie LPs to be won!

PIFF BYFORD of Saxon. pic by Robert Ellis

KERRANG!

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LETTERS

I'VE ONLY got two complaints about Kerrang (sheesh! what a name). Why no Iron Maiden? (except for a minute picture of Paul Di'Anno) and no Mr. Hagar? By the way I really dug the Samson picture. "OOO!" and "WOOARGHHH".

And Please (grovel, grovel) re-print the pictures of good ol' Ozzy biting the dove's head off (cue evil "Vincent Price" cackle).

No mention of the brilliant Sammy Hagar's song 'Urban Guerilla' in the Heavy Hundred? I thought with lines like "Heavy-Metal, Cinderella" and "woooarghhh" it would be a must. How about a Maiden feature, if not a Mr. Hagar feature, if neither emerge, I shall personally bring a very hot red poker and stick it up Geoff Barton's rear end. — Yours, Headbangingly Graham (Header) Carson, Dumbarton, Scotland.

I WOULD like to tell you about Heavy Metal in Southampton. For a start there are lot of headbangers, hippies, bikers and Angels down here, but we too have a skinhead problem.

Also every week at the Solent Suite a Heavy Metal and Rock disco takes place, on a good night up to three hundred turn up, plenty of head-bangin' goes on and beer flows.

The local concert hall provides us with concerts all year round, with groups such as Motorhead, AC/DC, Maiden, Quo etc etc appearing about once a year. So as you know now, Southampton does not take headbangers for granted and we are not pushed into the background.

P.S. Kerrang is a great mag but please do a Motorhead feature. Thanks. — Gary "Animal" Leedell, Itchen, Soton.

KERRANG! IS ace. The perfect mag for any self-respecting headbanger. It will certainly sell well and I will be one who is buying it — love the colour pictures.

One criticism: AC/DC are probably the best H.M. group out today. They are certainly my fave group and I'm sure a lot of others agree. Apart from the front cover of the first issue and the top 100 there has been no mention of Angus's ace army. Please, please send a lot more info and photo's on AC/DC. (Also a lot more on Iron Maiden.) — Jimmy Vakil, Preston, Lancs.

DOES GEOFF Barton know what good music is? Has he actually

Say it loud to:
Letters, Kerrang! 40 Longacre, London WC2.

listened to the tracks he mentions in the first and second paragraphs on Triumph? Has he even got any further than "progressions of power" and listened to the 'Just A Game' album, especially the little track and 'Lay It On The Line', or is he so narrow minded that he can't see past the amazing Kiss?? — The Hobbit, Stokenchurch, Bucks.

GREAT STUFF so far, but just one problem. You see, these charts are all very well for an interesting read but they aren't correct. Already there has been a backlash from Mr. K. Lyford of Oxon saying "... rubbish like 'Stairway To Heaven' and 'Smoke On The Water' shouldn't be in a HM 100" — totally correct. Not because they aren't brilliant pieces of music, but because they're not HM. In future (with the albums charts hopefully), could you say whether you want an all-time HM chart or all-time rock chart. There's a big difference you know. For example, my top 5 rock albums would be with Floyd, Zeppelin and Purple but my top 5 HM albums would include Saxon,

AC/DC, Motorhead and Priest.

Okay, so you can say that some people might not class Saxon as HM (for instance) but at least it would stop people such as me considering the likes of Floyd, Zeppelin etc. I consider Led Zeppelin to be the greatest rock band of all time but I wouldn't put any, bar one, of their albums anywhere near a HM Top 100.

I hope you see my reasoning in this as it really narks me! Cheers and all the best with the great mag. — Paul Day, Ilford, Essex.

P.S. Here's me charts for ya:

HM

- 1 IF YOU WANT BLOOD
- 2 STRONG ARM OF THE LAW
- 3 UNLEASHED IN THE EAST
- 4 NO SLEEP ... ETC
- 5 HIGHWAY TO HELL
- 6 ACE OF SPADES
- 7 WHEELS OF STEEL
- 8 OVERKILL
- 9 DEPRESSED TO KILL
- 10 KISS ALIVE!

ROCK

- 1 PHYSICAL GRAFFITI
- 2 NIGHT AT THE OPERA
- 3 DARK SIDE OF THE MOON
- 4 WISH YOU WERE HERE
- 5 LED ZEPPELIN 11
- 6 FOUR SYMBOLS ALBUM
- 7 QUEEN LIVE KILLERS
- 8 THE WALL
- 9 ANIMALS
- 10 RAINBOW RISING

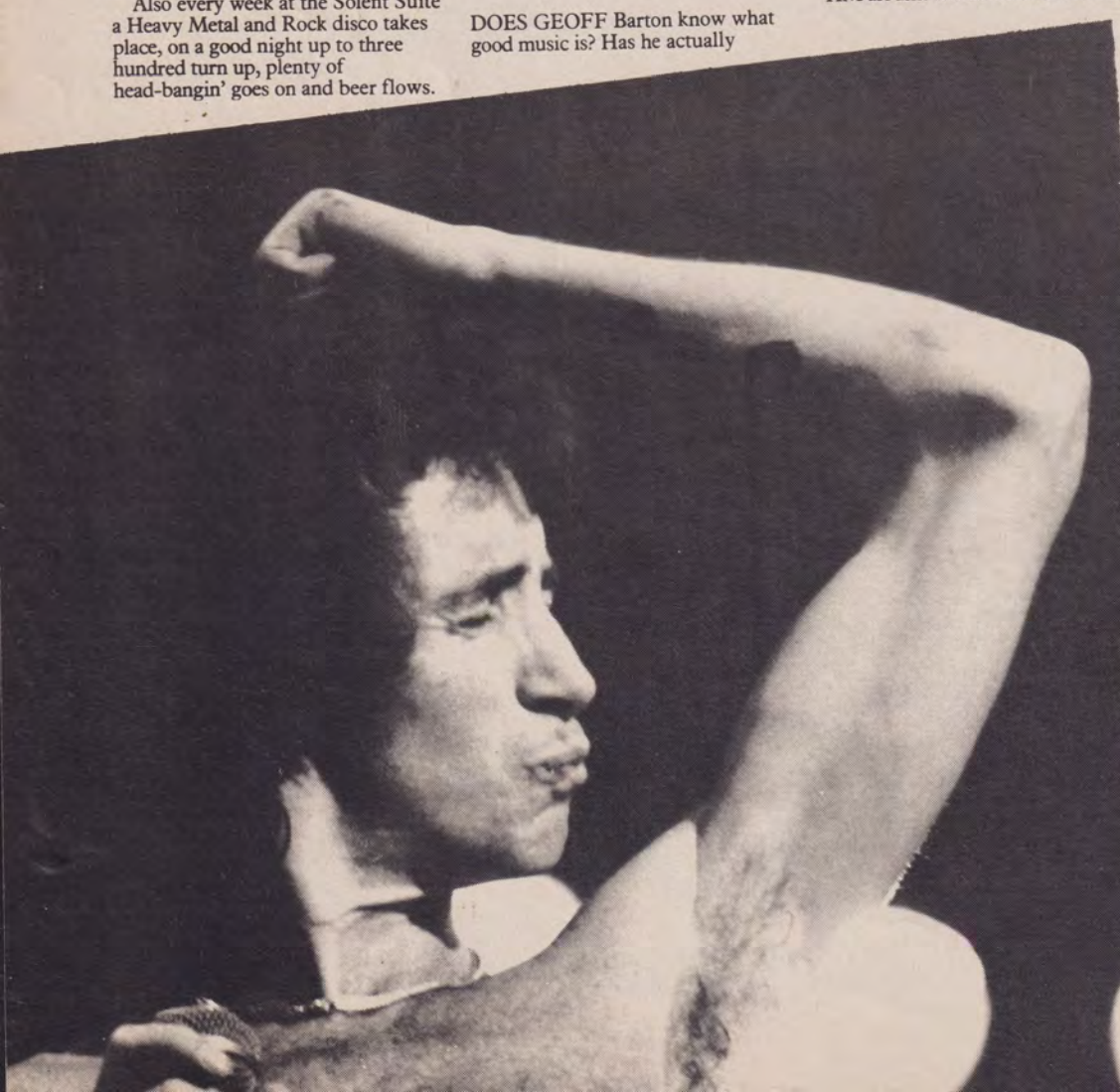
TO THE writer that says 'Stairway To Heaven' and 'Smoke On The Water' are crap. Where the bloody 'ell's he been? I'd like to see him go up to a full-grown headbanger and say that Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple are dead and gone, and still have two legs and two arms afterwards! I notice he didn't suggest any decent metal, as he put it, and he didn't have the guts to leave his name. — A prat, Tewkesbury.

P.S. Keep Kerrang! going as it's the only thing stopping me from switching my life support system off.

FIRSTLY congratulations on deciding to make the greatest Headbanging Magazine around a monthly gold mine from which I'm sure all H.M. fans will prosper from.

Now the bad news. You featured AC/DC's song 'Whole Lotta Rosie' No. 1 in your top 100, and rightly so. But why not have an article on them like all the other decent groups in your Headbangin' special? Surely if they deserve No. 1 in the top 100 they deserve a colour picture and an article. By the way, what's Status Quo doing in a H.M. magazine? — J. A. Broaders, Crumlin, Ireland.

BON SCOTT: not to be sniffed at — especially in Southampton (see second letter)



SAMMY HAGAR:
sheesh — what's he
complaining about
(see first letter)

THE SECOND issue of *Kerrang!* is almost as good as the first. I say almost because you didn't include Led Zeppelin or Kiss, although I was pleased to see Phil Taylor of Motorhead, Black Sabbath and Ozzy. What about more Led-Zep and Kiss? I trust I will see the latter in your forthcoming feature on American H.M. bands. Glad to see you are bringing *Kerrang!* out on a regular basis.

P.S. What did Hellhound of Hartlepool suggest you do with a rolled up copy of *Kerrang!*?

P.P.S. As for K. Lyford, who reckons 'Stairway To Heaven' and 'Smoke On The Water' is rubbish! All I can say is that if it wasn't for groups like Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple Heavy wouldn't be here today! Songs like those are *not* dead and gone because they managed to get in your top 100, which was chosen by *Sounds* readers!! — M. Stallerois, Holywell, N. Wales.

BEING A great fan of Ozzy and Black Sabbath I was interested to find a Black Sabbath Discography in issue 2. However, Barry Lazell seems to have 'cocked it up' somewhat. To my knowledge the most recent version of 'Paranoid' had 'Snowblind' on the B side. They also released 'Die Young' in 1980/1 with a live version of 'Heaven And Hell' on the B side, but perhaps the biggest boob was that your writer in his wisdom forgot that Black Sabbath had ever released 'Never Say Die' in 1979.

Apart from that I think both of the mags so far have been pretty excellent! — Malcolm Graham, Plymouth, Devon.

THERE WERE two faults in your Sabs discography. The first is that on the B side of the last re-release of 'Paranoid' was 'Snowblind' and not 'Sabbath Bloody Sabbath'. The second fault is in the album's section where you have missed out their last album with Ozzy 'Never Say Die'.

Apart from that your mag is missing one thing, pictures of Ozzy with Black Sabbath! — Richard Crewe, Sheffield.

AS THERE is now a rock equivalent to *Playgirl* for us female headbangers, I would like to tell you that for once every month we freak out when your mag arrives on the mat.

We (me and my sister) have no complaints as you do a great job but please, please could you print a wonderful full page picture of one of rock's best characters BON SCOTT, preferably without the rest of AC/DC and in colour. Even though he's dead his voice lives on in some of the best LPs ever, i.e. 'Highway To Hell' and 'Powerage'. So come on you journalists, dig out your archives and do an article on this guy.

Before we go we want to recommend a Sussex Band from the Isle of Wight called Last Straw — superb. Take a look see, contact the Sussex Hotel, Bognor Regis. — Carolyn & Vicki, London W11.

HAVING BOUGHT the first two issues of *Kerrang!* I have been fairly impressed but I think there is still room for improvement. For example, let's leave out the 'posing' colours and have more 'live action pics' like the Scorpions, UFO and Schenker, as in the first issue. I for one don't want to see someone from Priest sitting on his Jensen however good it may be. Also a few more features and news items that improved issue 2, and continue the discographies on newer bands as well. Other than that, keep up the good work! — Neil Taylor, Upton-by-Chester, Cheshire.

I THINK the only thing vaguely whopping about Dave Lee Roth is his head. (Regarding Van Halen piccy in *Kerrang!* August).

Two complaints about *Kerrang!* Firstly, we'll have less of the scary

comments on Ozzy's eating habits and hobbies. So bloody what if he's a touch sick and demented? All you wimps who complain about him can either start reading *Twinkle* or else realise that you don't *have* to look at those amazing pictures of him assassinating doves or giving his bottom a bit of air.

Secondly, by some small slip of the Biro, you people at *Kerrang!* appear to have just slightly missed something out. Hate to mention it, like, but haven't you ever hear of, erm, Rush? or Uriah Heep? Just to clarify myself, the former are those three blokes who continually go on about being in the limelight and Bastille Day, and the latter have got this hang-up about demons and wizards or magicians' birthdays. — Jill.

OH, 'ELLO! is this the right place?

'Ello *Kerrang!* My God what an ace name! Who are these Social Misfits who are too wimpish to walk into their newsgagents, stare some old granny in the eye and say *Kerrang!*?

Seriously, I'd like to wish you all the luck on behalf of all Lincolnshire Headbangers. I hope your mag will pull a lot of metal merchants (who?) out of their dark and recluse-like holes and help to crash the rampage of Mods and other such excretions. All those great photos — Christ it must be costing you a fortune. I hope your mag doesn't turn into a fraternity for posers and is not monopolised by just one band (although could we have a Motorhead discography and feature?). — Chris Head, Binbrook, Lincs.





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ARMED & READY

More new bands to watch out for!

ROCK GODDESS: It's about time we had some ladies on these pages! And who better to add a little glamour and guts to an area generally monopolised by wart-encrusted warlocks and nit-ridden Neanderthals — sorry Grim Reaper, Holocaust et al! — than Wandsworth's finest, the indomitable Rock Goddess?

Said by Sounds as early as February to be "excellent providers of magnificent metallic mayhem", Rock Goddess are fuel for the theory that women can play heavy metal equally as well as men if not, on occasions, better.

Clocking at the tender ages of 18, 18 and 14 (respectively), guitarist/vocalist Jody Turner, bassist Tracey Lamb and drummer Julie Turner are already firm favourites amongst South London's headbanging hordes — despite the fact that they've only played a minimum of live gigs due to Julie's lack of years — and word is out around Kerrang's kapital that they have a fine future. They certainly have the potential.

The Rock Goddess story began five years ago when the band's affable manager (Julie and Jody's dad!) let them loose in his rehearsal studios.

Since then they've built up a collection of songs even greater in size than Spider's capacity for touring but no way do they regret missing teenage years of make-up and parties for the sake of rock and roll; as Jody says, "I'm only 18 but I've gained so much experience for someone so young." And their determination is as strong as ever.

For most of this summer, Rock Goddess have been unable to play live — an annoying waiting period for Julie to turn 14 and become legal! — but, rather than sitting back and complaining, they've recorded both a competent and interesting demo tape (recording companies, take notice!) and a contribution to an up-and-coming all women elpee compilation called 'Making Waves', due out on Girlfriend (through Rough Trade) in early November.

To tie in with the album, Rock Goddess will be playing dates with the oddly-named Androids Of Mu around the north of Britain in December (dates later) although Londoners can catch them beforehand at St James' Church, Pentonville Road (Nov 21) or Dingwalls (Nov 23).

But what's that I hear you say? Another Girlschool? Certainly not! Obviously, Rock Goddess consider Girlschool as an influence — Girlschool are pretty taken with Rock Goddess too —

but, when asked, Jody Turner cites a rather heavier choice of preferences.

"Iron Maiden," she says. "I love Iron Maiden and Def Leppard and Kiss. Sabbath and Led Zeppelin too. Basically, I really like the old bands but some of the new ones are very good."

And unlike some of the wimpier, Neal Kayesque, "we prefer the term hard rock" — combos on the circuit, Rock Goddess aren't afraid of their chromium roots.

"Of course we're into heavy metal," insists Jody. "I'm proud to be doing heavy metal, we all are. It's great!" So there!

Rock Goddess' music takes the point even further. Though far

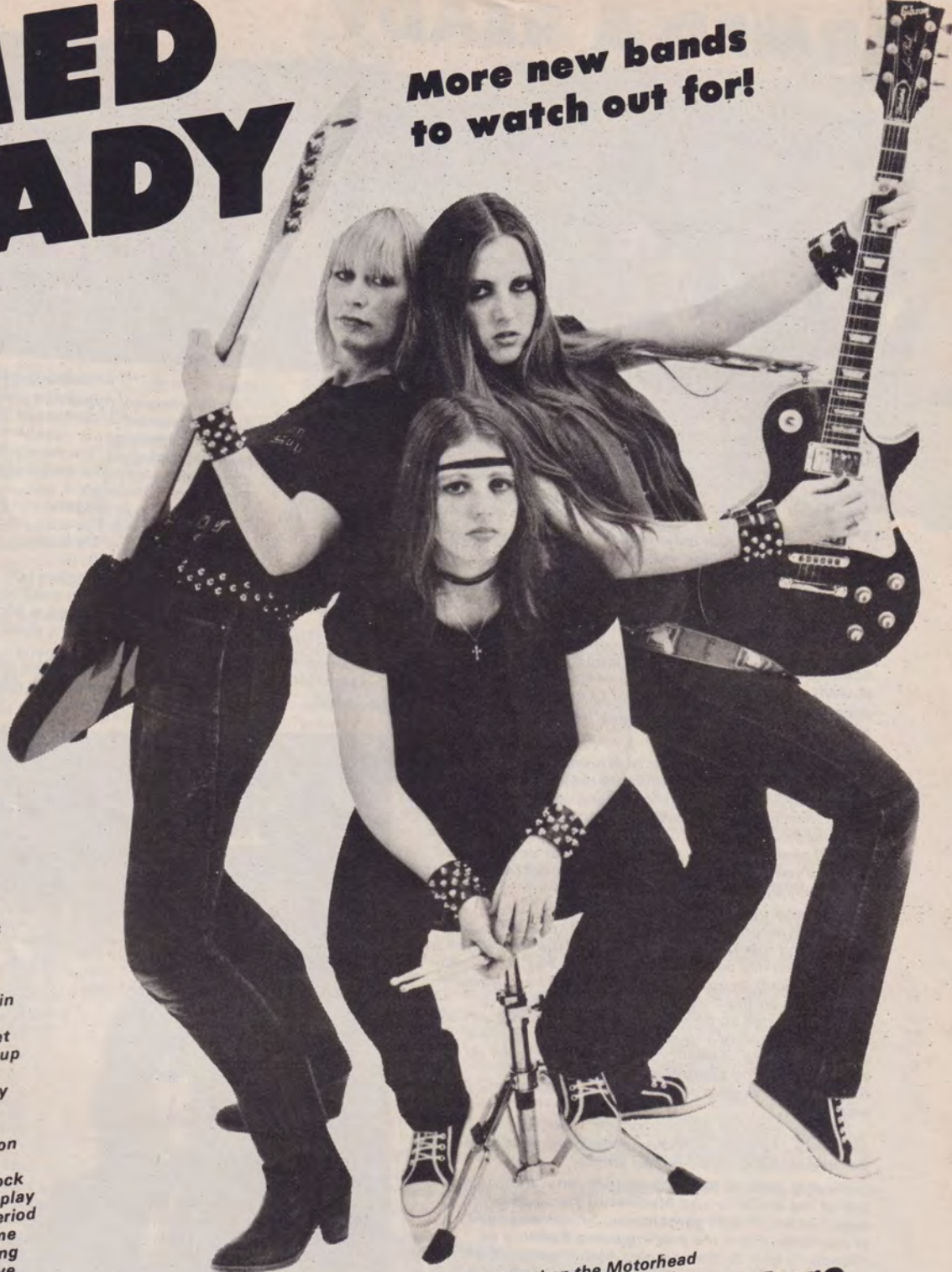
more melodic than the Motorhead majority, it bristles with a similar raw power, at times reminiscent of Judas Priest.

Both Jody's guitar and Tracey Lamb's bass react and interact excellently with muscle and skill while Julie Turner's hammerhead drumming reveals a confidence and strength beyond her years.

Jody possesses the sort of gritty, no-holds-barred voice that you wouldn't want to meet down a dark alleyway and this wraps the whole Rock Goddess package together into a formidable unit.

Sympathisers can contact Rock Goddess at Monster Music, 134 and 118 Wandsworth High Street, London SW18 4JP. But, be warned. The queue might be longer than you expected...

ROBBI MILLAR



More heavy hopefuls on the next pages...

ARMED & READY



PALLAS are Aberdeen's longest surviving rock band — first formed over five years ago, they've built up a strong reputation in Scotland and can boast of sell-outs at whichever venue they play, be it the Bungalow Bar, Paisley, the Cuinzie Neuk in Kinghorn or the Glenrothes Rothes Arms.

The frozen north scenario of Aberdeen is hardly the most ideal of bases for a group — but Pallas have managed to overcome the 'inherent distance problem' and build up a following by converting a touring coach to provide room for gear, sleeping, cooking and seating.

A five piece, Pallas comprise Euan Lowson (vocals), Niall Mathewson (guitar), Ron Brown (keyboards), Graeme Murray (bass) and Derek Forman (drums).

The band's bag is far away from basic thrashalong metal — believe it or not, in the past they've been compared to such outfits as Genesis, Rush, King Crimson and Alice Cooper. I can't quite figure out where ol' Vincent comes into the scheme of things, but the first three are accurate enough. I'd tend to add ELP and Limelight to that list and also register my surprise that the name Fruuup hasn't yet been mentioned — but

WET: Aw, c'mon Geoff, you're probably saying, how can you possibly go a bundle on a musician who calls himself Kevin Wet? Doesn't that imply that the artiste in question is a bit of a, well, drip?

Could do — but I make no excuses. Indeed, I'm so bowled over by the guy that I'd go so far as to predict that in a year from now the guy's name will be on everyone's lips. Wet lips, that is...

After working for five years in the local Music Millenium record store, hanging around recording studios and meeting a few HM's of the Van Halen and Judas Priest ilk, our Kev decided that, hey, it shouldn't be too difficult to become a rock 'n' roll hero himself.

Working on the theory of 'if you want to be somebody or go somewhere, just act as if you already are that somebody and as if you are already there', Wet obtained a heap of quality equipment, dressed up in some captivating costumery, paid for a Paul Stanley-style poodle perm and, lo and behold, a star was born.

He then went all-out to produce 1,500 copies of a four track, 12 inch, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm, transparent vinylised, porno-packaged, hype-ridden single.

Playing most of the instruments (and making much use of the VoCoder and Mellotron) Wet has put together an EP-ic of gargantuan, Steinmanesque proportions. From the soaring pomp balladry of 'Sunday's Girl' to the complex high dramatics of 'To Be A Man', Mr Wet gives Todd Rundgren a run for his money, supreme technical abilities and total awareness belying his tender years and relative inexperience.

Highlight of the disc is a song called 'Babies In The Mist', a tale of teenage prostitution containing delightful Munchkin-type backing vocals (courtesy of the, ahem, BedWetters) and carrying a 'special note' to those who play the song cranked up to the max. 'The explosion at the end of the track may result in blown woofers if your speakers aren't up to par,' runs the chilling warning. 'If they are, please remove all eyeglasses or contact lenses to prevent broken glass in eyes.'

But never mind all that, I can hear you scream, what's all this about 'porno packaging'? Well would you believe that the record is an (almost) picture disc and portrays Wet's girlfriend Michele posing nude, pressing her body against a clear plexiglass shower door? And that her sister Sheryl is also in the photo, pointing her tongue in an extremely suggestive direction?

"It's the kind of picture that will offend fundamentalists, feminists and little old ladies," Kevin reports with some glee.

Wet dreams, everyone — **GEOFF BARTON**

then again that's probably because no-one remembers them.

Pallas recently released a cassette-only package entitled 'Arrive Alive'. Recorded in concert at the aforementioned Bungalow Bar, the tape only contains six numbers but still manages to run for well over an hour. Nonetheless, tracks are regularly featured on Radio Clyde rock shows and a national distribution deal is being worked out with Fast Product of Edinburgh.

Specialising in lengthy, musicianly, operatic (and occasionally turgid) epics, Pallas aren't exactly my particular bowl of gruel — but I can see fans of overblown UK-style pomp becoming pretty worked up about the band.

It's hardly lightweight stuff: 'Five To Four' is a 'fable-type' song recounting the history and hopefully the future of the group; 'The Ripper' was written before Mr Sutcliffe's arrest and is intended to be an 'insight' into the killer's mind; and 'Heart Attack' concerns itself with nuclear devastation.

If you're intrigued, Pallas can be contacted through Granite Wax Records at 91 King Street, Aberdeen AB2 3AB. — **GEOFF BARTON**





MENDES PREY: Pestilent piledrivers from Pontefract, it has taken many years for Mendes Prey to stabilise their line-up and perfect their 'fresh and stimulating rock sounds' — a sound displayed to great effect on their recently recorded five track demo.

Indisputably HR as opposed to HM, to these ears Mendes Prey sound similar to Black Axe (remember our first issue feature?) and are obviously intent on emulating such bands as UFO with their steadily building, definitely dynamic song structure.

Standout number on their tape is 'Drifting', a not entirely unsuccessful attempt at epic Led Zeppelin balladry. Although overly sentimental in parts and with slightly suspect lyrics (would you credit 'Think I should cut my hair and cruise into town / Looking so cool in my old school tie?') in the end you can't help but be moved by its grace, maturity and gentle 'Stairway'-style finish.

The man responsible for the current direction is the only remaining original member, vocalist John Seymour. The oldest of the group at an incredibly ancient 24 and commonly known as 'Jih', he's sung in various local bands since age 17. Joining him in MP are axemen Steve Holt (a veteran of — count 'em — 13 previous groups) and Richard Emslie (he caught the guitar bug when he was given a cheap classical instrument for his 14th birthday).

Rounding out the group is the rhythm section, made up by bassist Tony Boulton (ex-Vardis) and drummer Martin Brough who in his spare time, I'm reliably informed, likes to eat and watch the Nolans (Colleen done medium rare, eh?).

Back in June, Mendes Prey topped a Sounds HM chart compiled by the Bailey Brothers ('Where's the ad, Geoff?') with the aforementioned 'Drifting'. And this, along with 'Take Me', 'Cross The Water', 'Lone Survivor' and 'Losin' Man' will make up a soon-come self-financed EP.

Writes bassist Boulton: 'At the moment we are in the process of circulating copies of our demo tape to record companies in London as well as playing gigs in as many areas of the country as possible in order to get a larger following'.

Let us Prey... — GEOFF BARTON

MEDUSA: "When playing live, you've got to have a good stack of speakers up your ass..."

A sensible suggestion from Medusa (pictured right), a four man band based in the Wrathchild territory (see 'Armed And Ready' in Kerrang! issue two) of Evesham in Worcestershire. The band started at the beginning of 1979, 'we hear'. 'Punk was dying but the New Wave still had a hold on the music scene, both locally and nationally. But this didn't stop Medusa from playing heavy metal.'

Perpetrators of this firm resolve are Steve Grimmet (vocals), Lance Perkins (guitar), the enigmatically-named 'B' (bass) and Eddy Smith (drums). The first two are definitely the stars of the show — Grimmet for his wailing Halfordesque voice and Perkins for his harshly dextrous axework.

These self-styled 'HM gorgons' certainly think big — at their debut gig they unfurled a 30 feet long, 10 feet high backdrop, covering the entire back wall of the Art Centre they were playing.

Medusa's three track demo (on Poisonous Venom Tapes) was recorded for just £30 — most of the band's finances being put into buying a 1KW PA rig and lightshow.

Nevertheless, it's of excellent quality and although I personally could do without the overly 'meaningful' ballad 'Conquest Of The Skies' (and are those syndrums I hear?) both 'Too Far Too Soon' and 'Turn To Stone' are mightily impressive, particularly the latter with its impactful Griffen vocals.

Also included in the Medusa repertoire, but sadly not on the demo, are such numbers as 'Forces Of Evil', 'Heart Of Hell', 'All Night', 'Buried Alive', 'Lady Killer' and 'Burnin' Love'.

The band, who are hoping to cut a self-financed single within the next few months, can be contacted at 6 Coxlea Close, Evesham, Worcs. — GEOFF BARTON



HEAVY PETTIN': The delightfully-named Heavy Pettin' (remember the UFO LP of — almost — the same name?) are a Glasgow-based 'heavy metal rock band'.

Formed in June '81 from the ashes of a group with the dreadful moniker of Weeper, the average age of the members is 20 and the full line-up runs Stevie Hayman (vocals), Punky Mendoza (guitar), Gordon Bonnar (guitar), Brian Waugh (bass) and Gary Moat (drums).

The latter sounds quite a character. In a recent, hastily scribbled note accompanying the band's demo he complained about the weekly Sounds newspaper coverage of bands 'he'd never heard of in his life', citing the Bluebells and James King as particularly guilty parties.

'How have they done it? How did they get in the mag?' he scrawls, adding: 'We done our tape in about 18 to 19 hours, the main purpose being to get gigs with it. But I thought you might like to know Scotland does have some real talent and not just a load of babbling (sic) poofs.'

'Life in Glasgow ain't too hot being heavy,' he continues. 'It's a dying trade — although there are still a few good bands going around.'

Even Heavy Pettin's rare gigs sound fraught with problems. The group supported the Cuban Heels of all people at Glasgow Virgin Megastore the other week, and obviously the two parties didn't exactly see eye-to-eye.

'The Cuban Heels told us we couldn't play 'cos they wouldn't have time for a soundcheck,' rambles Moat. 'It was either we played or the Cuban Heels wouldn't. So no problem, we went on anyway seeing as it was our fans that were crowding the place. And then the Heels went and played after all — or so we heard. Bunch of poofs.'

But still, despite the presence of the (endearingly) prejudiced Mr Moat, Heavy Pettin' do have something on offer, mostly purveying slices of slightly Leppardesque, extremely commercial metal. 'Love Times Love' and 'Speed Kills' are songs first, screamers second, and 'Hell Is Beautiful' equates Hades with an HM gig and contains a hilarious chant-chorus.

Write to Heavy Pettin' at 892 Cumberland Road, Riddrie, Glasgow G33 2QW. — GEOFF BARTON



THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

SAXON SPREAD THEIR WINGS

THE EAGLE has landed. Two tons of highly polished aluminium and steel have gone into making Saxon's latest stage effect, a huge metallic bird with 150 aircraft lights embedded in its wings.

The eagle needs a lot of care and attention. Eight sweating roadies have been specially assigned to move it around, but making its debut tonight at the Brighton Conference Centre, the eagle is being temperamental and refusing to move its revolving head.

Before the show, there was a rumour going around that the bird would be actually laying a plastic egg containing lead singer Biff. As the band played the opening song he would then batter his way out of the egg in a cloud of dry ice, but a quick glance under the sleeping eagle reveals no egg dropping mechanism.

Never mind though, Saxon are touring with the most powerful sound system currently doing the rounds in Western Europe. Capable of easily producing 40,000 watts it's positively guaranteed to send you home more than happy.

The man who built this toy is one Malcolm Hill. A quiet sort of bloke is our Malc, looking rather more like a tubby schoolteacher than your usual silk jacketed tour whizz kid. It took him a year to develop Saxon's PA and before each show he has been known to lovingly polish each speaker in turn.

"Oh it's definitely the best money can buy," he says. "The whole thing cost £200,000 and AC/DC are spending a quarter of a million on a similar system. The real beauty of this system is its clarity. One of the problems with presenting a rock band is trying to keep a balance between the amount

of power they turn out and the definition in sound.

"A lot of systems just aren't very good at capturing the bottom end of the sound. Saxon produce such a gut wrenching low sound that you must get it in or there's no point in them playing.

"This system is also very adaptable. I mean, a band like Sky or the Nolan Sisters could use it. All the frequencies are in, one cabinet."

Hmmm, so now you know. And without wanting to get too bogged down in technical jargon that I can't understand I can guarantee that this shiny mountain of equipment works very well.

It turns out to be loud, proud, but crystal clear — and because of that clarity Saxon can't afford to make many mistakes and hope that loudness will cover them up. They're working overtime on working hard.

Brighton's hardly the capital of the heavy metal universe. Those elegant Victorian bathing facades outside the Conference Centre, just don't have the same grimy character as Leeds or Sheffield, but there's still a healthy crowd in the place even if it isn't a sell out.

Missing from the band's line up tonight is drummer Pete Gill. He damaged a tendon in his hand and although he thought of plugging himself full of pain killers and staggering on stage, the band are giving him a few days to recover and have brought in their old friend Nigel Glockler who's performing for love and a half pint of shandy and a cheese roll after the set. At least that's what he'll tell you.

But on to the show. Amazing really the transformation that Saxon have undergone in the last year or so. Without sounding patronising there's a growing sense of

professionalism about the line up. When I first saw them supporting Motorhead I was struck by their exuberance but at the same time they lacked a certain slickness and precision and Biff was a big slow off the mark in establishing himself.

None of that tonight, as they march out under a blaze of lights and through a voice over by Tommy Vance. The great thing about Saxon is that despite their ever growing confidence, they still remain accessible. Biff's like the bloke who made it to the top on amateur night. He has no studied movements, no artful crotch thrusts at the microphone stand. He just rolls to and fro at the front of the stage and it's damn near poetry in motion.

Off and running with the 'Bands Played On' and 'Princess Of The Night' that tale of a now neglected once great steam engine. With their industrial Barnsley background Saxon have a real sense of feeling for this.

Saxon's show now has an unrivalled sense of economy. They may be in the big league and there would be the obvious temptations of having to prove something, but they seldom go over the top.

'Motorcycle Man' is the song where the eagle at last takes off. Rising majestically at the back of the stage, its wings open, lights blasting your straining eyeballs. The eagle also looks particularly eerie when dry ice starts billowing upwards from the base.

It's so good that you almost feel like forgiving those truly awful lines 'I'm a motorcycle man, I get my kicks when I can.'

'Midnight Rider' and 'Strong Arm Of The Law' are a superb double header where the power and cohesion of the band are highlighted at their best. And then comes 'Never Surrender' about the only song where Biff's voice is lacking, and he's reduced to a croak in parts.

"I think you sang that better than me," he remarks to the crowd relieved that it's all over.

Time now for some platinum plated songs from the vaults, as they run through 'Wheels Of Steel' and the evergreen '747', before the anthem of 'Denim And Leather', soccer rock at its best as the crowd is lost in a sea of waving arms.

It's a toast to the continued success of the band and the fans' devotion. The feelings that are conjured up are almost the same as on Whitesnake's 'Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City'.

The band spend their customary one and half hours signing autographs and it's nice to know that despite the Rolls parked outside the dressing room for the short drive to the hotel, Saxon still care.

Shortly after one o'clock in the morning while the moon plays on the sea front, Biff wanders into the hotel lobby, hungry for tea, tailed by a posy of humourless German journalists.

This might come as a bit of a surprise but Biff is being lined up for an appearance on the

BIFF: only another 20 lessons





SAXON: get that one at the back

"Some people still treat heavy metal with a smirk on their faces"

Michael Parkinson chat show. It's early days yet and he hasn't signed anything, but he's looking forward to it.

"I know it may sound a bit crazy," he says. "But after all, Parkinson and I are from Barnsley so it'll be like two old friends meeting — local kids making good so to speak. He usually features David Niven and Robert Morley, so this will bring him down to earth a bit, it would be nice to prove that I do actually think as well."

"Some people still treat heavy metal with a smirk on their faces. I really hate it when kids are referred to as sweaty headbangers or whatever the current term is. There's still the old thing that you're stupid just because you play loud."

If the Parkinson show does come off, then Biff's does come off, then Biff's life story should indeed prove fascinating. Biff's mum died when he was 12 and his father lost an arm in a mining accident, so he was left to bring up the family.

"I suppose I grew up pretty quickly, although looking back on it I was quite happy. Nah, I didn't have that tough a childhood, but I had to think for myself a lot. In my spare time I spent a lot of time out in

the country. I used to ride cows before I got into motorbikes."

Yes, you can't go for very long in talking with Biff without his mentioning motorbikes, and he proudly tells me that he's just bought a monster machine which is something over a 1000cc and does nought to 60 in half a second or whatever. Speed also seems to be a continuing theme on Saxon's album. Take the track 'Princess Of The Night' from 'Denim And Leather'.

"Some time ago we used to park our van at Barry Island in Glamorgan," says Biff.

"There's a huge compound there where they keep all the old steam trains that they don't use anymore. They're just left to rot and I suppose that upset us because they really were magnificent machines. Well you can't beat the days of steam can you?"

"Anyway, late at night if I couldn't sleep I used to look out at those ghostly engines and imagine them painted up and back in their glory. It's my romantic side coming out again."

"Yes, the quest to go the fastest is an obsession for us. Good music should thrill you, as much as a ride on the back of a bike and our stuff is pretty good for doing that, take 'Wheels Of Steel' for an example."

"I'd like to take up motorbike racing, but my manager won't let me; he says it's too dangerous. Oh well, I suppose the world doesn't need another rock and roll casualty."

"But one day it would be nice to put some cash into breaking the land speed record or something. I'd like to build a car, call it Saxon and ship it out to Bonneville and let it run like hell."

"We'd be doing something for Britain. The state we're in at the moment we need somebody to carry the flag again. We need

something we can all be proud of. One of the only worthwhile exports from this country is music."

And Saxon are becoming an increasingly valuable export commodity themselves. Known and loved throughout Europe, they'll be making a stab at the vital American market again soon, which is showing increasing interest in the band. This time they hope to tour in more comfort there. Then they had to travel for hundreds of miles in a van without air conditioning.

"It was like a moving sauna bath," Biff reminisces. "But hell, it's all part of life and the fun of touring. I suppose we're becoming stars whatever that may mean, but I like to have me feet welded to the ground."

"With America you have to be so very careful. The media might try and blow you up as God's gift but you just can't wade in anywhere and say this is it, you have to build up a gradual friendship with your audience."

"I think that happened with Def Leppard. They're nice lads and they're from our neck of the woods. It all seemed to happen too quickly for them."

"Your heavy metal fan is discerning. He doesn't let fashion dictate to him, he dictates to fashion instead. And while fashions change and things come and go he'll last for ever, that's the great thing."

And with that the most down to earth person since Motorhead's Lemmy is off to talk to the German journalists who've been waiting so patiently in the corner.

Thank you and goodnight.

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SAXON

pix by Robert Ellis



**Biff
Byford**



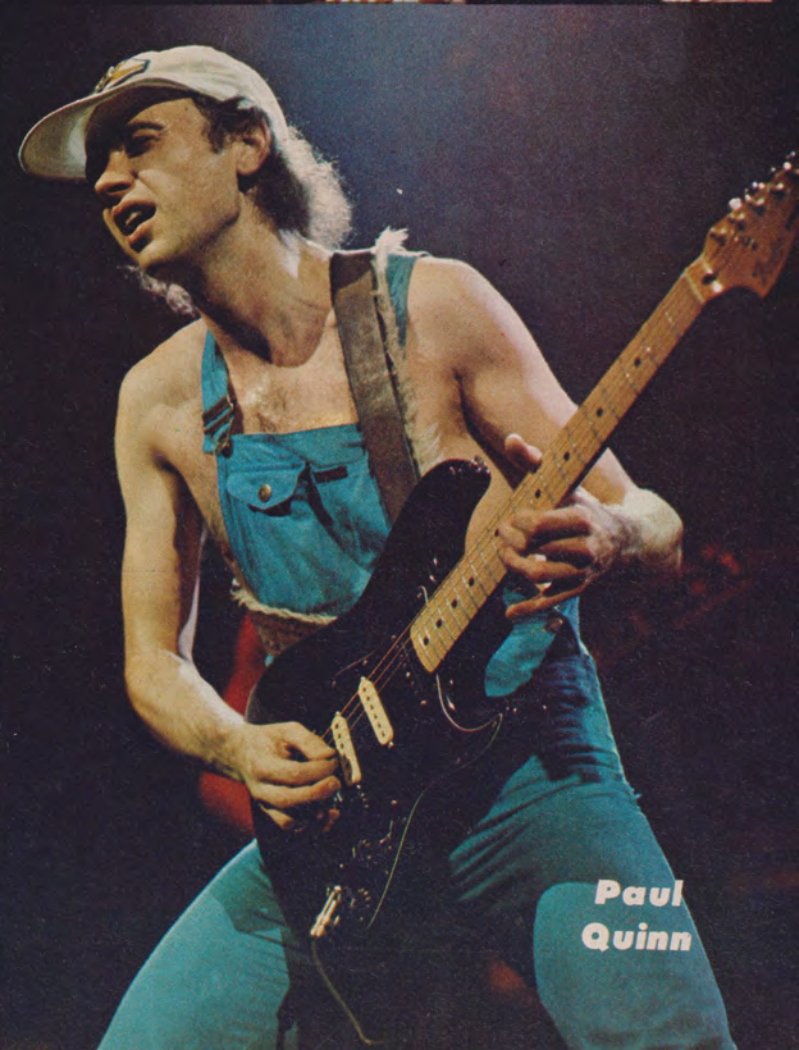
**Steve
Dawson**



**Graham
Oliver**



Pete Gill



**Paul
Quinn**

THE RODS

THE RODS

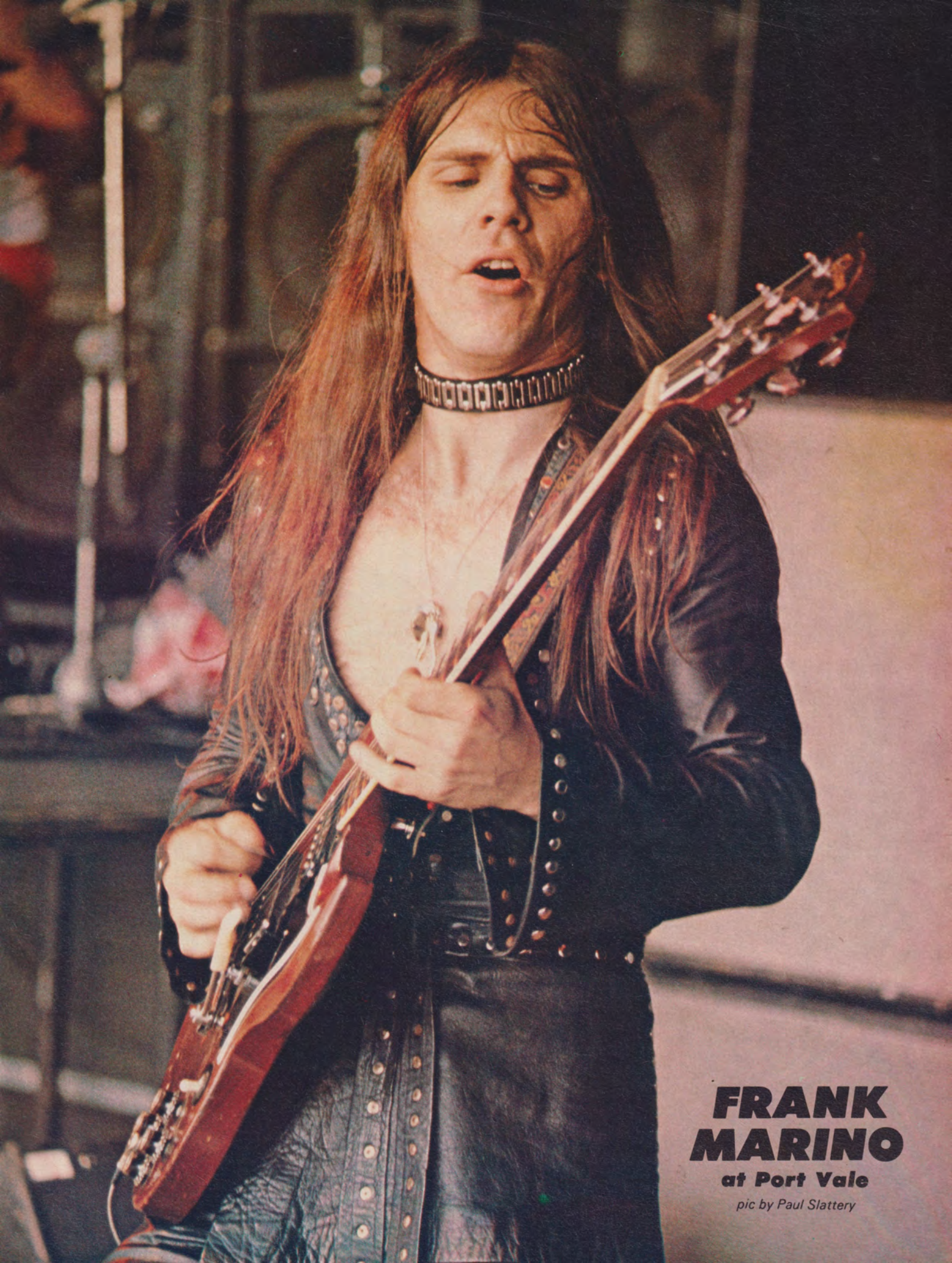


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**FRANK
MARINO**

at Port Vale

pic by Paul Slattery

THE '60s. Long-haired young kid suddenly wakes up to the fact that those weren't Smarties he's been eating. "When I was real young I was doing a lot of drugs and things. I used to sit there and just eat acid all the time, blowing my mind. That's basically where my head got sorted out. I never came down; I accept this as my straight for the rest of my life."

The '80s. Long-haired young man (26) suddenly wakes up to why people take knocks at him. "One of the English papers said I was an 'aged rock star'. I can't understand that. Especially now I've shaved my moustache off I look even younger. And this time I had on my pointed shoes and leather..."

The '90s? Another long-haired kid suddenly wakes up in a hospital and tells the doctors that

FRANK TALK

Marino's, that is



pic by Paul Cox / LFI

the spirit of Frank Marino has entered in through his fingertips...

"When someone once asked me: 'Frank, how do you measure success as a guitar player?' I said, 'I'll know when I'm successful when other kids in other bands are copying me or if I even see my name mentioned in their articles. One day, when I'm up there and I'm setting the trends for rock guitarists, that's when they'll turn around and probably give me my just rewards, but by then I'll no longer need it.'

"There was an article in England where there was no mention of Jimi Hendrix for the first time ever, which I thought was great. Except the guy said, 'he sounded like the ghost of Alvin Lee'. Where do they get this kind of shit?!"

Frank Marino, This Is Your Life...

Marino comes from Montreal, Canada, home of Loverboy, B.T.O and (with so few rock bands around why not stick together and use the same name. Rush. He's half Arab, half Italian and started playing guitar seriously at the age of 15.

With drummer Jimmy Ayoub, now departed, he started Mahogany Rush as "a trip". (He had a lot of the oral kind too). They found hockey and bass player Paul Harwood in a folk-rock band, initiated him into the joys of power-trio, rented a rehearsal hall and started getting an audience.

By '71 things were serious, a spot on the Montreal Expo festival bill followed by an album, 'Maxoom', and regular jaunts to the U.S. A couple of years back the trio became a quartet with little brother Vince Marino brought in. Mahogany Rush became Frank Marino and Mahogany Rush and now the last bit's gone altogether, along with original drummer Jim.

"It's like," says Frank, "the '70s are over, it's the '80s. We started in 1971 and in '81 we totally change. The band's changed, the management's changed, everything. And I just said, this is it, if I'm ever going to let go of Mahogany Rush as a concept, which I had been wanting to do for a couple of years, then this is the time to do it."

"Actually I wanted to do it on the next record — Jim is still on this one so I wanted it to be the last Mahogany Rush album." But CBS, with whom Frank has renegotiated a world-wide deal, told him: "We feel the need to change something in the public eye as well, and they wanted to do it on this record."

"Jimmy actually felt really good about the fact that we dropped the name, like if I'm not here anymore I wouldn't have wanted you guys going out as Mahogany Rush, carrying on the same name without all of the same members. And to me Mahogany Rush was a family kind of thing. Even when Vince came in it wasn't really Mahogany Rush anymore, and then there was the problem with Rush all the time that kept coming up. So when Jim left it was like, what the hell. We really are going in a different direction here anyway."

Jim "didn't leave on a sour note", according to Frank, but because "he wanted to do some things with people — maybe the wrong people. It's up to him... Not his own band really — his girlfriend's band actually. It's like one of those semi-family things. What is the single most destroyer of rock bands in the last decade? Old ladies. What can I tell you? But we're quite happy now. It seems like we're very gung-ho again and we haven't been that way for a while."

His replacement is 23-year-old Timm Biery who was "just milling around" in Washington, DC, after a stint with the band Fast Eddie. "He's exceptionally good," says Frank.

"The only thing that depresses me right now is that I know the radio isn't playing the record and I don't know what to do for it. It's a real bummer. I don't know what the hell's happening, who's programming what, but it's totally out of synch with what the kids want."

Obviously, he's going to have to start writing ballads if he wants to hear himself on American radio the way it stands today.

"That's weird, because years ago when I was writing ballads and stuff like that, they told me I was totally out of time with the radio and it wouldn't work. And then I gave up writing

ballads, now they tell me I should be writing ballads so I don't know what the hell is going on."

"To be honest I think I was a little bit ahead before. Because I was doing all that HM stuff and using all those sound effects and pedals and it really wasn't doing too well except to a cult following. And here we are in 1981 and we've got the bands like the Van Halens and the AC/DCs who are doing what I was doing in '73. It's hard to sort of understand exactly what is going on. So now they want ballads? Could you see me doing (he croons a line or two from REO's 'Take It On The Run') that? I couldn't do that!"

"I'm not saying it's a sell-out, don't get me wrong. But it's not me and it never will be me, because if it came down to that point where I was so desperate that I had to go that route, then I think I would just quit."

"I have an excellent brain to become a racing mechanic and could probably make a lot of money doing that instead."

When Marino's not playing, writing or sleeping, he's working on and racing custom cars. At least he always sticks with metal.

But not "I never really thought that what we do is heavy metal," Frank reveals. "By the same token I don't think what a lot of bands are doing is HM, like Van Halen or AC/DC. Heavy Metal back where I got my roots from is something like Black Sabbath, Blue Oyster cult. Hard riffs. What they're doing now as far as I'm concerned is calling hard rock Heavy Metal, which I've always considered those heavy single note chords and scary sort of progressions and singing like witches and all that stuff. Now they call HM the stuff like we're doing. I suppose it's all in a name."

"The Power of Rock and Roll" — sounds like an HM title to me — "has a very definite meaning" according to its author. It's funny because I didn't design that album cover, okay — a cartoon of a long-haired geezer annihilating all present with his stunning powerchords — "and I'll tell you quite frankly I think the cover stinks. It looks like a little Annie Fannie thing from Playboy magazine, and it's a total misconception of what I meant when I said 'The Power of Rock and roll'."

"They took it as meaning some guy brainning people with his guitar. What I was trying to say is that the power of rock and roll is the fans. They keep it going. They keep it generating, they keep going out there and listening to rock and roll and being rock and roll and that's why it can never die, because of this mass of people. And if the mass decided to turn around tomorrow and listen to country and western it would be the Power of C&W and rock and roll would be dead and I would be broke."

"It sounds very '60s, but the people are the power of rock and roll. Power to the people! That's honestly really how I feel. Rock and roll has comparatively little to do with the artist as compared to with the kids. It's not just a type of music — it's a way of life and of people; it's a whole mood and attitude. Basically it's a form of cheap psychiatry for kids. They come and pay their money to blow their brains out."

Marino's sounding a lot like his new album — more direct, far less introspective, just straight-down-the-line. He didn't use the phrase "in tune with my awareness" once, even though it was three in the morning when we talked (he'd been up rehearsing for an upcoming US tour with Triumph — his first taste of the road since January) and tiredness has been known to bring on these flashes. It's a powerful piece of plastic.

"The album is more direct and purposely so. Because I said to myself, hell, what am I going to do? I'm not going to fiddle around, I know that I can sit down in the studio and write pieces of music that, even though the world may not agree on a majority basis, I know they're good pieces, and I know I can be introspective and write ballads and stuff."

"But what I do best, let's face it, is playing straight ahead. That's what I do best in rehearsal, that's what I do best onstage, and why the hell shouldn't I go out and give the people exactly what I am?"

SYLVIE SIMMONS

IRON MAIDEN with new singer Bruce Bruce (centre)

pic by Ross Halfon



Behind the Iron (M)



Dave Murray



Adrian Smith / Steve Harris / Dave



Dave

SATURDAY MORNING, 8am

Arrived at Heathrow — me and Clive meet rest of the lads including Ross Halfin, only to find that Adrian (bearing a close resemblance to Stan Laurel this morning) has left his passport at home (daft bleeder, now he has to wait for it to arrive and will miss the flight and have to get a later one) and Paul is still out of his brains from the previous night as usual.

Flight gets delayed so we all head for the bar. Ross has one drink and decides to spew all over the bar (he's scared of flying and the idiot takes his Valium pills washed down with lager... sensible!) Flight originally scheduled for 9.30, finally gets off at 10.30 due to a weight problem. Could be because Halfin and our manager Rod Smallprint are travelling together.

Pretty boring flight. I get stuck next to Halfin who now wants to get up for a pee every two minutes. We listen to tapes of UFO, Blackfoot, etc. Dave and Clive are caught reading *The Beano* and *Warlord*!

Stopped in Zagreb 12.55. It was peeing down. Arrived Belgrade at 2.15. At least it's not raining here. Needless to say we didn't get a red carpet! After a few problems getting Dougie, our American sound guy, through immigration, we head for the hotel.

3.25 we arrive at the Hotel Yugoslavia. It amazes me that we haven't been arrested and clapped in irons yet, not that we've done anything but I'm told that it doesn't take much over here. Everybody gets washed up then about 4.30 we make for the gig site to check it out.

Straight away you can see that they don't have many bands play over here because all the bands on today (we play tomorrow, Sunday) use the same amps, cabs and drum-kit. There's virtually no lights, what there are have come out of the ark. The stage is really uneven, just a load of wooden planks stuck together. There's no covering over the top either, so if it rains we'll probably all go up in smoke.

The crowd is a fair way away because a small brook separates them from the stage. As soon as the band playing at the time finishes, someone announces that Maiden have arrived and the crowd go crazy. As I said, they don't get many bands here and just the fact that we've actually made it here really means something to them.

We then go for a bite to eat in a restaurant backstage (the site is an old racetrack) before heading back to the hotel at about 8pm, driven by Andy Capp, the maniac driver who's got the job of carting us about for the weekend. We're all getting ready to go out when there's a commotion going on in one of the rooms.

It turns out that Ross, after using

the khazi in Clive's room (?), didn't release the lever and has flooded it out. He's a walking disaster area, this bloke! We'd better get out of here or I'm sure he'll wreck the gaff. We don't end up going out till about 10 after trying to get everybody together.

As it is, Dave (Murray) has gone missing, can't find him anywhere and Paul (Di'Anno) has crashed out feeling ill, so we decide to go without 'em. Nobody could decide where to go, that was another reason for the delayed departure, but we end up going to the Club Del Puke, or something.

It was really bad, all these woofas dressed up to the nines. There was no alternative but to get drunk. The trouble is when you actually try to get drunk, it never really happens. All-in-all a pretty uneventful evening and we end up getting back to the hotel about 2am and crashing out.

SUNDAY

We get woken up at 8.45 by alarm calls as we have to get down to the gig for a sound check at 10. Once up, we get told not to go down until about 11.30 because there are problems; what problems we're not told. We discover that Dave went to a titties and beer club last night with his perverted French guitar roadie and had a really good time. Only wish he'd asked us.

We finally get down to the sound check at about 12 only to find that if we want to do one it will have to be in front of about 5,000 fans who have slept at the racetrack overnight! Still, it's important that we do one because apart from our guitars which we brought with us, all the equipment is hired gear which we need to check.

We'd asked for specific gear beforehand, but they couldn't get exactly what we'd ordered. We couldn't bring our own gear because there wouldn't be time to get our trucks up to Scandinavia for the scheduled gigs there (this Yugoslav gig was put in at the last minute, so we thought we'd give it a go anyway without our own gear).

As like the day before, all the gear looks like it's come out of the ark. Actually, Clive's drum-kit is ok and doesn't sound too bad although the drum riser looks like it's going to collapse any minute but when tested seems to be reasonably sturdy. It's fairly high and there's no steps so I ask the roadies to put a couple of flight cases down to do the job.

(Everything really is a bit Mickey Mouse but to 'ell with it, we can still have a good time, I hope, and well, this is behind the Iron Curtain, know what I mean?)

Dave and Adrian's gear sounds pretty reasonable but the monitors are a bit of a joke (a bit like wedged beer crates). Paul's gonna have fun hearing himself tonight. My gear

den) Curtain

YUGOSLAVIAN DIARY OF IRON MAIDEN BASS PLAYER STEVE HARRIS. PIX BY ROSS HALFIN



Clive Burr



Steve

seems to be the worst of the lot (just my luck), it looks awful and it doesn't sound much better either.

We proceed with the sound-check, Clive messes around with his drum levels through his monitors for about 15 minutes, then the rest of the band get their sound levels together which takes about 15 minutes or so, then when everybody's happy (well, sort of, anyway), we play a couple of numbers just to make sure everything sounds ok together.

We play 'Ghengis Khan' and 'Running Free' and the crowd, who must have been woken up by all the messing about beforehand are going bananas on a bloody sound-check! No real problems so we finish up and head back to the hotel.

We arrive at about 2 and decide to grab something to eat before the restaurant closes. We are scheduled to go on last at about 9.30 tonight but we got a phone call from the road crew saying that the lights have blown up so we'll have to go on at 6 in order to play a full set before it gets dark at 7.30-7.45!

We agree to meet in reception at about 4 so that we can do a photo session with Ross before leaving for the gig. Just after 4 I get to reception where Halfin is the first one there so I decide to interview him while we're waiting for the others.

S.H.: Well, Ross, when did you first start to take photos?

R.H.: When I was about 16, I s'pose.

S.H.: Is it true that your early influences were David Bailey and Lord Snowdon?

R.H.: Yeh, that's right.

S.H.: During the punk explosion, was it hard for you to get work?

R.H.: Yeah, I couldn't get work anywhere.

S.H.: When is your third portfolio coming out?

R.H.: Early next year.

We then get disrupted because the rest of the band have turned up so we go and do the photo session by the Grey Danube which is situated at the back of the hotel. We then head for the gig and arrive at about 5.15. We're told that about 15,000-20,000 people have turned up. Nice one!

When we get to the dressing room, which is in the track pavilion, we find that John McCoy, bass player of the Gillan band, has dropped by to say hallo. (He's out here producing a Yugoslav band: what a small world, Yugoslavia of all places!)

6.05 We hit the stage in broad daylight after the intro tape (The Ides of March) is played through the PA. We launch into 'Sanctuary' and everything's steaming along with the crowd going apeshit when we start getting fluctuations in the power so the volume starts going up

and down but I realise that it's only my rig that's being badly affected.

My sound has suddenly become like a pig grunting and at the end of the song the roadies are running about frantically trying to find the root of the problem.

Still, the show must go on so we plunge into 'Purgatory'. By halfway through this the problem's getting serious and my amp (well, not my amp) has had enough of sudden power surges and decides to blow up on me. Again, roadies are trying everything to put the situation right so I end up with another amp which sounds worse than the first one.

This carries on all through the set with amp changes and the like until I've got a sound like a buffalo fart (you know, very similar to morning after a night on the Guinness but not as loud).

By this time we've been through numbers such as 'Wrathchild', 'Killers', 'Another Life', 'Murders In the Rue Morgue', 'Phantom Of The Opera', 'Running Free', etc, how, I'll never know, so when we finish 'Iron Maiden' it's debatable whether it's safe to do an encore or not, but the crowd are still going bananas so we go back to do 'Drifter'. Well, at least we can get them to have a singalong anyway.

By this time, far from enjoying the gig, I feel like crawling into a hole and dying but the song goes really well and everybody (well, the crowd, anyway) are really happy. We really

can't do another one because my gear has finally had enough and just doesn't want to know so that's it! We find out that the problem was the generator and we were drawing too much power and it just happened to be my gear to go down! Oh, well, that's life, I suppose.

After we get changed we all do interviews and then go back to the hotel to drown our sorrows. I mean it wasn't a disaster as far as the crowd goes, but we were all a bit peeved.

We get back to the hotel at about 9.30 and head straight for the bar which is only open until 10.30 so we've gotta go some to get pissed. By now everybody's got over the trauma of the past couple of hours and spirits are up again in more ways than one.

After the bar closes we sit around talking for a while then crash out, as nothing goes on in Yugoslavia on Sundays after 10.30.

MONDAY

Monday morning at around about 10.45 everybody's ready to leave so we say our goodbyes to Ross Halfin who is going back to London and we head for the airport to catch the plane to Stockholm where we have a gig tomorrow night. All-in-all, not an amazingly successful weekend but we had a good time, anyway.

This was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me, Robbi Millar!



Y&T (formerly Yesterday And Today) are, from left: Joey Alves, David Meriketti, Phil Kennemore, Leonard Haze.

Y&T: earthshaker underdogs

THE Oakland Raiders are a football team. American football. That strange sport where big and I mean big boys in helmets and shoulder pads and embarrassing trousers run around after something that looks like a burnt stuffed marrow.

Y&T are a heavy metal band. American HM, that strange music where grown men with guitars are liable to lapse into embarrassing

crooning. But this lot's got balls. They've also got curly hair and very nice spandex trousers.

Y&T are known as the Oakland Raiders of rock (so far the Raiders aren't known as the Y&T of football, but give them time).

"I guess," says lead singer, guitarist and second-curliest Dave Meriketti, "they figure we're such an aggressive band onstage and we put out such raw energy that it makes everyone think we're out there to physically beat

somebody, like a football team... They won the entire division last year, the Superbowl, which is the Big One.

Y&T are still struggling out of the bottom of division four. "But they've always been the underdog team too, which is kind of what we're like, fighting for the top. They just had to prove themselves last year. Nobody picked them to win and they just did it by themselves."

Y&T have been plugging away at it for eight years, and for most of those years, except in their native East Bay Area, if they'd have caught a cold it would have probably run in the opposite direction.

When they were a rock and roll covers band they got hired for country & western gigs. When they teamed up with Journey's management — Lou Brame and Herbie Herbert — the two split up and Journey got Herbie and success. When they got a record deal — with London — the company decided to spend its time nurturing the Moody Blues back catalogue. You get the idea.

"We weren't expecting instant success, but we were, I think,

expecting that through all these people we've met and all we've done just on our own that somebody out there would help us make it happen. We really expected to do much better by this time than we have. It's been very frustrating... Hopefully this deal with A&M will help us out a little bit more and get us to where we want to go."

"Earthshaker", a smouldering piece of Made In U.S. plastic, is the result of the inking to the home of Herb Alpert and the Carpenters. The label decided it wanted a real rock band on its roster and it's got a right one here. The only thing they had to change a bit was their name. Yesterday & Today, the pre-streamlined moniker, "wouldn't fit on the billboards". A minor compromise all things considered.

YESTERDAY and Today started out in Oakland — San Francisco's tough working-class neighbour — in '72. "Around the Bay Area back in those days it was a big cult thing; if you were playing rock and roll and if you were supposed to be a

hot player, all the musicians knew you, if not personally then by name."

Meniketti had a name as a hot guitarist; Leonard Haze as a hot drummer. After their respective bands broke up, "he called me up and said, 'why don't you come over? We're doing a Top 40 covers thing right now just to make some money so we can get enough cash to get the equipment we want, find the right people and start doing our own thing.'" (They talk like that in San Francisco).

"So I joined with Leonard and we started Yesterday and Today with a bunch of different members just doing top 40, covering other people's material."

For two and a half years.
"Yes, it was getting frustrating after a while.

"We started out with the simple pop stuff, and as we started getting into it we were covering all the things that we liked — the Who and Mountain and Jimi Hendrix, hard rock cover tunes. We played a lot of Navy bases and things like that where the guys there were just dying for that kind of stuff.

"And we'd do these HM covers pretty faithfully. We'd do a little bit of the regular top 40 and start sneaking in tunes like Montrose and Zeppelin, take the maybe not so popular cuts off the record and play them, and they loved it."

Well some of them did. The wedding reception jobs preferred 'You Are The Sunshine Of My life' sung straight, and school dances and apartment complex parties preferred bubblegum.

"We even played places where we should never have shown up. Like an off-duty dance for Washington policemen who wanted country and western tunes. And we had to play them for four hours and we didn't know but maybe two and we were sort of making them up on the spot, putting our roadies up on the stage because they knew the lyrics to these old country tunes. We just stood there playing three chords.

But they were also getting popular in the Oakland area, especially when the regular paychecks meant they were the

best-equipped Top 40 band in town. When possible they started sneaking in some of their originals, "until eventually we decided to stop playing those cover tunes altogether. We said, 'right, this is it, we're all-original from here on in. An absolute commitment. We were going to stick with it all the way.'"

One problem. Nowhere to play.
"There was nothing in Oakland, except black clubs, soul music and jazz, so we really had no place to go. So what we did was we ended up looking around all the rest of the Bat Area into the suburbs, looking for halls to rent, and we put posters up in the high schools and got the word out and found our own opening acts and printed the tickets and did it all ourselves.

"I think we're sort of rebels in a way, so we're a bit like a new wave in that regard — but not in our music, though we do have a lot of energy to give I guess. I feel like we're rebels because nobody's really done anything for us along the way. We've done it all for ourselves. We've had to fight to get somewhere and anything we've done we've made it happen. So we're out there like Us Against The World I guess you could say."

NOT ENTIRELY alone. As people saw how well Yesterday & Today were getting on by themselves — by now they'd completed their permanent line-up with local musicians Phil Kenmore, bass player, and Joey Alves, rhythm guitarist, "found along the way" — they started winning popularity contests.

"A lot of guys would come around and want to do things for us, want to be our manager or this and that, a lot of people with a lot of promises. Most of them didn't know what the hell they were doing, but they wanted to be a part of it."

One such man persuaded them to sink some of the hard-earned cash into making demo tapes. He dropped one off at a management company, along with a speil about this wild band and their 85 Marshall amps ("of course we didn't have them").

On the night the talent scouts turned up, half the Oakland police force happened to be outside the club; the other half was in helicopters above the club. And with nothing better to do, they closed down the packed - to - leaking - point gig. Good for the image. When the scouts came back to their next show at a community centre they were signed. They and multiplatinum Californians Journey shared the same management for three years until a split that left Y&T "at a standstill".

Eventually the demos became an album, 'Yesterday And Today', released in 74 on London. They were given support for a mammoth eleven-date tour, only four of which were "real gigs".

By the time the second LP 'Struck Down' came out, "we wanted to get off of London, because we knew they weren't going to support us anymore. So we decided to start all over again. We realised things weren't going the way we wanted them to, and instead of giving it all up after about six years, we started brand new again with all new people and writing new tunes and trying to get a new record deal.

"It took a couple of years. We spent all our money and made six or seven demo tapes and gave them to everybody we knew, made more tapes and showcased in Los Angeles for a year. And we eventually signed to A&M."

Much of 'Earthshaker' comes from those two years of demos. Four songs were written in rehearsal immediately before Y&T started recording, some of the more powerful ones like 'Dirty Girl' and 'Rescue Me'.

"It was," says Dave, "a real spontaneous type thing." Not something often associated with the overproduced, smooth and slick world of USHM.

"I couldn't agree with you more. It's come to the point now where all of these bands out here virtually sound exactly the same, and the only way you can tell them apart is at the end of the tune when the DJ tells you who it is. Everybody's having the same giant productions happening.

"And it's easy enough to do

'The record companies don't know what the hell to do with our music and the radio stations won't play it . . .'

that. Just hire yourself a good engineer and a producer who knows how to work all the tricks and you can just sit in there and layer and layer things and add the strings and this and that, and pretty soon you can make yourself sound just like everybody else.

"That's what's happening. All the music is becoming funnelled into one sound. It's come to the point where a band like Abba could open up with Eddie Money or play with REO Speedwagon. They're all so middle-of-the-road sounding. It's all becoming very boring."

And don't forget profitable.
"It is indeed. That's why more bands are going it, because they get frustrated with the fact that as much as the kids want to hear our type of music, the record companies don't know what the hell to do with it and the radio stations won't play it and it's just getting harder and harder for bands like us to do anything.


"Eventually the musicians just say, look, it's one of two things. Either quit or start writing hit singles. Believe me we've been at that point many times, when it seems nobody is going to give us a chance with our kind of music. But we're not giving up. We know deep down inside we've got what it takes to make it happen.

"Hopefully we'll still get that shot."

**SYLVIE
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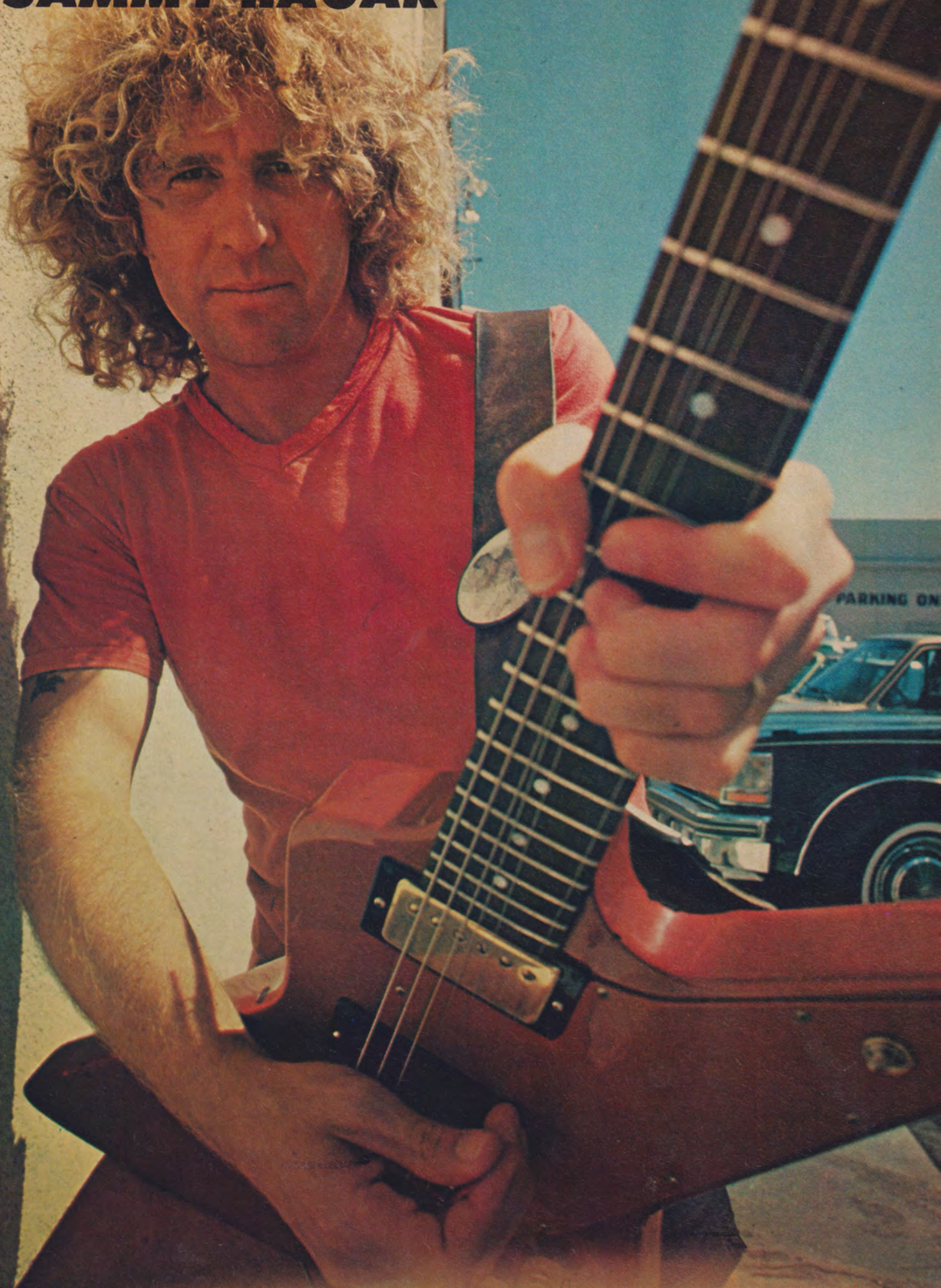
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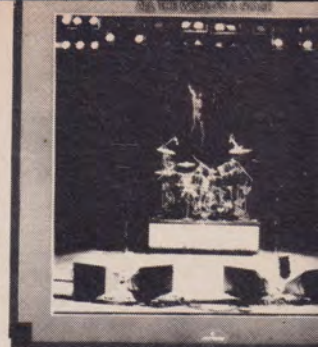
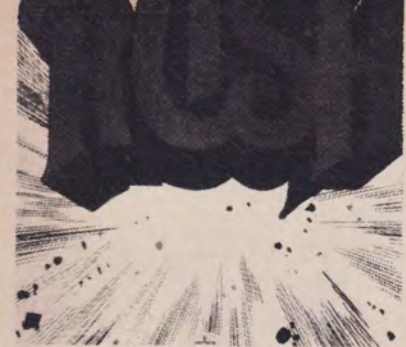


RUSH

pic by Fin Costello







CLOSER TO THE HEART

**A Rush discography
by JOHN GILL**

THE PHENOMENAL success of Rush and the fanaticism they inspire (remember all those *Sounds* letters signed 'Priests of Syrinx'?) tends to make you put them in the same age range of Zep or Sabbath.

In fact, they're comparatively young in supergroup terms; just over seven years old. The juggernaut got off to a slow start, but achieved breakneck speed after a few years. Reeling up the Seventies, they went through change after change and improvement after improvement, both commercially and creatively.

When you consider how little many HM bands change over the years (for some, decades even) those seven or so years look like a frantic race, from the Zep-influenced debut, through sword 'n' sorcery, sci-fi allegories, arty concept rock and now, some of the hardest highbrow raunch to conquer spineless American radio programming.

Why weren't they told to give up and go back to their day jobs with that first album, *'Rush'*? Anyone can transcribe a Page solo and play it themselves, but Rush didn't simply acknowledge a debt to Zep, they improved on the influence.

Even today, when Alex's teasing, spooling guitar moves into the stereo mix and Geddy yelps his

debut to the world on 'Finding My Way', it has the same sort of classic feel that makes something like 'Communications Breakdown' still listenable after a decade or more.

It simply rose above mere imitation; the outrageous slow gunfire guitar on 'Need Some Love' could have taught Zep something back then, ditto the powerchord rush on 'What You're Doing'.

But behind those pyrotechnics, Alex and Geddy were showing the first signs of an emerging writing talent of considerable ability.

Neil Peart had, in fact, joined Rush just before the release of the debut, and a few weeks before their first tour. Poor health and even poorer financial health had brought about the departure of drummer John Rutsey.

Peart had come back to Canada after time spent in London gigging, playing sessions and, in one moment of destitution, selling 'Your Name Here'-type posters in Carnaby St. (I often wonder how many present-day Rush fans bought posters from the man who would one day become their idol).

In mid-July, 1974, they played their first gig, opening for Uriah Heep before 18,000 people in Pittsburgh.

By the time they took the material for *'Fly By Night'* into Toronto Sound studios in January '75, they were already on the move, accelerating away from that first album. You don't need to be told that the sessions produced such classics as 'By-Tor & The Snow Dog'.

This can almost be seen as the first 'proper' Rush album. It saw the establishment of Peart's lyric style — light years from the typical honky

blues rip-offs on the debut — and sowed the seeds of their later complex studio productions.

From the horror-movie guitar effects during the fight in 'Snow Dog' to the plaintively fragile 'Rivendell', it showed that this new young band (Geddy was still only 21) wasn't scared of taking risks with a style whose rules had been firmly set by giants like Cream, Zep et al.

They could thunder and wail on the likes of 'Anthem' and 'Fly By Night', paint dainty pictures with 'Rivendell' and — nudge nudge — include purely atmospheric sounds on the epic 'By-Tor'.

Neil says that it was here that Canada, and America, started paying grudging attention to them. 'FBN' won the best-new-band Juno Award in Canada and went Gold there, too.

Alas, the ignorant radio and press still denied the existence of this fast-blooming homegrown talent. As still happens, they built up their following by tours of mindboggling length and energy. There's no need for sympathy, though, Neil swears they loved life on the road.

Confident after the relative success of 'FBN', they were back in Toronto Sound by July (!) recording *'Caress of Steel'*. Perhaps this haste was something of a mistake; it certainly gave us the likes of 'Bastille Day', 'Necromancer' and the side-long 'Fountains Of Limneth', but the album sold poorly, causing then to rename their follow-up tour 'The Down The Tubes Tour' (only 'half-jokingly,' Neil recalls) and bringing label pressure down on the band (more of which later).

It was certainly a sophisticated step on from 'FBN'. Interestingly, if you lend an ear to the tricky riff from 'In The Valley', part one of 'Limneth', it owes more to Genesis' 'Watcher Of The Skies' than something like 'Dazed And Confused'. Peart's lyrics were maturing beyond the comic-strip aspects of 'FBN'.

The whole opus was the most ambitious to date; the songs were creating atmospheres for Peart's lyrics as well as doing their darndest to rattle the listener's brains. Historians might say that this is where Peart's words started going

RUSH: the very first publicity pic





wrong, addressing themselves to grander things than most rock lyrics should, but I'd say that was and is their salvation.

The 'Down The Tubes Tour' took them on a depressing trek through smaller venues than before (almost as though the rock biz was punishing them) and Mercury Records were pressing them to produce more commercial music than 'Limneth'. "A lot of people were wishing we would make the first album over again five or six times in a row," Neil told a Toronto magazine.

Their response to this pressure was the furious, apocalyptic '2112'.

"It was us saying, 'Leave me alone!'" Neil told that magazine. Like 'Anthem' off 'Fly By Night', it was inspired by the plot to Ayn Rand's novel, 'Anthem'. '2112's' theme of individual revolt against corrupt authority (of any political shade) was to become a recurring theme in Neil's writing, but the fact that '2112' had been inspired by the "genius" of Ayn Rand got them into hot water.

The album came out in 1976, amid the first rumbles of punk, Rock

Against Racism and so on. Media 'radicals' here pronounced them crypto-fascists (even the most casual look at the lyrics shows that the hero is rebelling against the regime).

Rand promoted an ideal of benign capitalism, now seen as a contradiction in terms, and is said to have lost her marbles later on. Neil currently thinks she went over the top politically. If he was a Brit, he'd probably join the SDP.

Still, the storyline to 'Anthem' was a valid source, and it gave us one of Rush's most awesome concussive operas to date. If your spine doesn't turn to rubber at the raging, blasting climax, see a doctor.

After the lauded live double, 'All The World's A Stage' (including a full-length version of '2112'), they came to Britain — well, Wales — to record 'A Farewell To Kings' at Rockfield. The title is almost a message to their fans, leaving the sword 'n' sorcery behind and moving on to the sci-fi allegories, philosophical musings and inner space adventures realised on 'Hemispheres'.

Musically, it noted the arrival of Geddy's synthesisers and Neil's use of orchestral percussion. Oddly, 'Kings' seems to see them cutting loose from the blues-fathered rock of their earlier albums, or at least refining it beyond those early albums.

It has a distinctly contemporary feel, owing as much to the symphonic rock of Yes and others as to their heavy metal godfathers. It can rock with a vengeance (check 'Xanadu' or the spacey 'Cygnus X-1'), but has a very grand, epic air.

A further sign of their eagerness to experiment was the lengthy opening to 'Cygnus': a whizzing synth intro'ing HM rifferama is nothing new, but this goes on so long it could be Stockhausen — yet they think nothing of mating it with the swingeing monster riffing that ensues.

1978's 'Hemispheres' was hailed by someone not too far from the editor's chair of this esteemed journal as either a masterpiece or a mistake. This was Rush making a stand for their eclecticism — the purposely bizarre exoticism of 'Strangio', the '2001' drones of 'Cygnus' (accompanied, live, by an animated space movie), the marching semi-acoustic 'Trees'.

Perhaps it was their 'Topographic Oceans' — like the Yes album acclaimed as brilliant by some, dismissed as pretentious garbage by others. It certainly had more than enough of that classic stratospheric Rush riffing.

Like Neil's remarks about the pressure which produced '2112', it divided Rush fans into two camps; those who wanted them to keep re-writing '2112', and those who were prepared to go exploring with the band. It also marked the end of yet another era for Rush.

Up until then, Neil had used science fantasy, space opera, social sci-fi and classical mythology to convey his ideas. With 1980's 'Permanent Waves' (a little poetic contradiction there) he was writing straight from the here and now.

Only the moody, gothic 'Jacob's Ladder' referred back to their earlier styles; lyrically, it just paints a static picture. The lengthy 'Natural Science' uses ideas from science and nature, but to talk about present day, real-life things.

Its musical style is sophisticated and modern, and gave them their first transatlantic hit with 'Spirit of Radio'. To an outsider, much hard rock is obviously linked to the early Seventies, but this was modern day music, high-class headbanging for the Eighties.

Yet the raw energy of their music wasn't sacrificed in favour of sophistication; the whooshing, giddy riff that bridges 'Tide Pools' and 'Hyperspace' can proudly stand next to any of the famous licks from their HM days.

That line was continued on this year's 'Moving Pictures', with its brilliant, elaborate riddle of a sleeve. Even more than on 'Permanent Waves', Neil's lyrics are talking about topical concerns. 'Red Barchetta' is set in the future, but is talking about obstructive bureaucracy.

'Witch Hunt' reads like a description of a Medieval occult painting, but is about modern-day bigotry (the US's KKK/Moral Majority?).

The album's highlight, 'Camera Eye' is a look at society in the manner of the late American novelist, John Dos Passos (if you wanna check him out, the hefty 'USA' trilogy in Penguin is his most famous work).

Dos Passos' style was to record everything with his 'camera eye'; street signs, strange characters, newspaper headlines, radio announcements, snippets of conversation heard from passers-by and the like to build a complete image of what was being written about. That's to explain the collage of noises at the beginning of this look at two cities: London and New York.

While 'Permanent Waves' was a drastic diversion from the style of 'Hemispheres' (which many thought was leading them towards indulgent

art-rock), it also sounded lighter (or should that be brighter?); this was very much its heavier relative.

Maybe they conspired with long-time producer Terry Brown, for the whole album has a very hard, raunchy edge to it. The gritty 'Tom Sawyer', 'Red Barchetta's' headlong swerves and the HM riffola gallery 'YYZ' (the lettering on Toronto Airport luggage tags) all have a dark power driving them along. And just to remind you that the last thing they intend doing is standing still, they end the album with 'Vital Signs', a bopping reggae-rock crossover.

No news of another studio album has yet crossed the Atlantic, although a live double is to be released to coincide with their October dates here. And print freaks will like to know that after Deaf Barton's long essay, 'The Rush Story', Omnibus Books should be publishing a full-length Rush biography, by journalist Brian Harrigan, around that time.

This has been no blow-by-blow life-story — the book should give you that in greater detail when it comes out. But hopefully it gives pointers and explanations of what (might) lie at the heart of the Rush phenomenon.

They're no straightforward hard rock band, nor should they ever be. Too much rock gives it all to you on a plate, which is a pretty boring and lazy way of making and listening to music. Rush make an effort, and expect you to make an effort too, so anyone who whinges about "intellectual" lyrics or arty ambitions in the music might as well go back to 'Paranoid'.

Rush are saying that there's much more to enjoy in the music and lyrics than what's already there. If you can't appreciate that, you might as well go deaf, dumb and blind.

Their adventurousness is what makes Rush such an important and inspiring band.



STRIKTLY FOR KONNOISSEURS



PAVLOV'S DOG 'Pampered Menial' (ABC D-866)

ROCK CRITICS love to see more in a band than is actually *there*, to externalize their intellectual fantasies on somebody else's lawn, to visualise rock trash as rock art.

Therefore when writer Sandy Pearlman (or 'Memphis Sam' to his pals and admirers, who don't include The Clash!) became a producer, he naturally nudged his groups along to become blow-ups of existing bands.

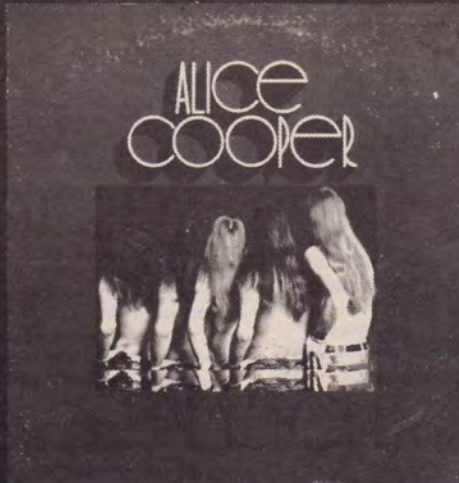
He made the dream real, so to speak: Blue Oyster Cult were Black Sabbath taken several steps beyond mere audioalization of Mario Bava/Barbara Steele horror and into the realm of symbolism, embolism, Fellini and *Heart Of Darkness* (whatever Eric Bloom may think being irrelevant); The Dictators doubled the New York Dolls lampoon; and Pavlov's Dog were Yes for people who got beyond that 6th Form Roger Dean mentality and never dug anything by Jon Anderson and chums past the first two albums. So *what* happened?

Starcastle were the twee Yes vibe gone flaccid, but Pavlov's Dog were more than trained mutts. With a bloke called Siegfried on violin and the vocal *castrato* and raunch guitar of main writer David Surkamp, the Dog belted out shimmering epics of pain ('Julia') and operatic visionary hoo-hah ('Of Once And Future Kings'), those two cuts sandwiching an album of platinum potential Pearlman pulp.

The LP was recorded at CBS studios in NYC, but the album was on ABC Records, which might explain why the band didn't leap up the charts: after copies were pressed up the group transferred to the CBS label, which meant that all the CBS records were competing with bargain bins full of cheapo deletion ABC pressings of the album.

Naturally, kids who wanted the disc bought the cutout copies, but deleted albums *don't* show on the charts: Pavlov's Dog were fighting themselves, so guess who lost?

CBS let them make another LP, and then the remains of the band were said to be working with Bill Bruford himself, which project may (or may not) have yielded an unreleased masterpiece. Damm fate. For posterity we show the rare ABC cover; from then on Yes went back to only making good albums in critics' imaginations.



ALICE COOPER 'Easy Action' (Straight WS1845)

LOOKIT THOSE clothes! Gold lamé pants, yum-yum! *Perverts*. Before Alice Cooper took up celebrity golf and dried out, before he cut 'Love It To Death' even, Frank Zappa let him make a couple of albums just so Alice would quit annoying him.

And this is the better one, kids. Produced by Neil Young's pal David Briggs(!), it bangs its way around from minute to minute without a hint of direction, but is plenty revealing all the same.

This was before the guest appearances by furtive axeman like Dick Wagner, so the playing is terribly puny. Alice's Sinatra predilections are on show in 'Shoe Salesman' and the limpid 'Beautiful Flyaway' (which might be a description of the gang's hair, which has them looking like whores or afghans on the cover), and there's a little preview of the 'West Side Story' guff to come (totally uncredited) in here somewhere.

'Refrigerator Heaven' is poprock wonderwhizz, 'Return Of The Spiders' (dedicated to Gene Vincent, who would've made a *great* HM star) hints at the dreadful possibility for bad drumming on the mainman's just-realised Mess of Love's '7 & 7 Is', and stuff like 'Below Your Means' and 'Lay Down And Die, Goodbye' are overlong and boring to the point where they become brilliant.

ALICE
COOPER
collapses
at shock
of
inclusion
in
Kerrang!



MICHIGAN ROCKS (Seeds & Stems 77001)

4 OR 5 years ago some obviously demented person took that hometaping gimmick of making up one's own mayhem comic a step further and produced this amazing historical art-i-fact. Whooooaaargh!

Besides boasting a sleeve plastered on the foldout with oodles of rare memorabilia, and apart from including seminal HM garbage like the MC5's 'Kick Out The Jams' (with the 'Motherfuckers' intro intact!) and the Stooges '1969', the platter before you features rarities such as Bob Seger's 'Heavy Music' (pre-AOR) and Mitch Ryder's version of Lou Reed's 'Rock & Roll' (which was the proto-type for The Runaways' arrangement). It's *that* good, this disc.

'Michigan Rocks' seems to have been deleted almost as soon as it appeared, which is a shame. Where else can you find Dick Wagner's solid-lead outfit Frost daring to call a song 'Rock & Roll Music', or a track by the long-forgotten SRC, or indeed the title anthem from Ted Nugent & The Amboy Dukes' 'Journey To The Center Of Your Mind'? Eh?

Pity they didn't include the song from that album that goes, 'Why is a carrot? Oranger than an orange?' I think it was called 'Why A carrot?'

Volume 2 would be a nice idea

Klassik korpse from the HM morgue exhumed by Dr. Sandy Robertson



THE RUNAWAYS 'Live At The Starwood' (WRMB510)

BEFORE GIRLSCHOOL there was The Runaways, infinitely more depraved, destructive, talented and bent on self-immolation. There's a book to be written. Did you hear the one about **** and the two sailors and the beer bottle? Heh, heeh! This album is the vinyl equivalent to that sort of story. Sure, 'Live In Japan' was great, not surprising considering the amount of overdubs by guys who'd never been nearer to Japan than eating a beef Teryaki on Hollywood Blvd!

Look at the cover of this record. The Runaways may not have been quite *this* over-the-top, but they tried. Boys, most of the disgusting fantasies you had about them were probably nothing on the real truth, so don't feel guilty about those stains on the sheets.

This LP is ragged but hot, the band in original form belting out pure HM garbage arena-rock back in '76 before an audience of those who understood them best, all the little bull-dykes at the Starwood Club in the heart of Hollyweird.

'Cherry Bomb' to 'Wild Thing', this record has its satin monogrammed panties down and is bending over a sink in the ladies john waiting for you to play hide-the-salami with it. California Gothic Porno Lust. Eat it!!!!



THE STOOGES 'Funhouse' (Elektra 74071)

YEARS BEFORE Tobe Hooper, but just as bloody. Originally released here on an Elektra budget line for £1.49 (minus its grossly California foldout cover), 'Funhouse' is the greatest HM album of all time. Forget the compilations, you must hear it intact!

For this disc alone producer Don Galluci makes the hall of fame; he got Iggy Pop and the boys to go through their set for a week and then simply recorded the buggers at full volume in Elektra's L.A. studio, which had *brick walls* instead of all that cork-padding 'shit.

The result is mayhem of the chainsaw guitar kind, every note ringing clear and relentless from the catchy howl of 'Down On The Street' to the final dementia of 'L.A. Blues', a track that blurs the lines of music till HM becomes Ornette Coleman being whipped to death at his own loft party game. *Jazz*.

The fact that it was recorded in sequence may account for the song 'Loose' sounding not a bit different from the one that follows, 'TV Eye'. So whaaaat? At the time of its release *Malady Maker* said: 'The guitarist sounds like he has broken fingers', and in the same paper Maggie Bell took time out to say how awful the band were. Ah weelllll, we all know what happened to those people, right?

Time heals all wounds, history vindicates. You must seek this album out, as you would any platter where the singer wears silver oven gloves and no shirt on the front pic



"I'm not trying to be a Ritchie Blackmore but I know what I want..."

JIMMY BAIN gives the scam on the Wild Horses saga to Pete Makowski. Pix by Fin Costello

WHEN I wrote my literary opus about this mob in (ahem) another closely-related journal and my little piece de resistance finally came out, guess what? The poxy group split up, that's what.

After spraying superlatives, with the carefree abandon of an incontinent Doberman let loose on a street full of fire hydrants, about a group who genuinely were striving to break away from the bonded one-dimensional music that is being touted as HM and whose music was beginning to show us there are many facets to what is basically rock and roll in a megawatt/hype world. With the swiftness and precision of a microchip switchblade the whole Horses organisation seemed to shatter with a thud that resounded throughout musicdom with the subtlety and grace of a sedated rhino being hurled into a crystalware factory.

To most bods in the biz this split in the camps marked the end of the group with the clean-cut throat finality of a guillotine in the French Revolution, but the fact is, dear reader, this Phoenix has risen from the ashes and the caterpillar is evolving.

Essentially/Initially Horses were formed around the partnership of two ribald rabble-rousing Nova Scotians in the form of Jimmy Bain and Brian Robertson, two fiery forces who had abandoned the lure of the big-time.

Initially/Essentially Wild Horses was the aftermath and a compromise to the egocentric jaunts that preceded. In their formative days they were a genuine 'good time' band with more than a clutchful of powerful songs, but eventually it became apparent that the limelight and (usually) superficial self-importance that they had been trying so desperately to elude was one of the main factors that made a good group great.

Basically you can't make an audience love you, if you don't love yourself. To have that 'hunger' for the spotlight was a vital key (and is a fact that Bain acknowledges now) and it was when it became apparent that personalities had to be aired more obviously stagewisely, that things began to turn a little sour.

First, there was the departure of guitarist/vocalist Neil Carter who went on to join UFO. As the band began to recuperate and recorded their second album a more stunning blow hit them hard when a sudden announcement was made regarding the departure of Robertson along with drummer Clive 'Stuka' Edwards, leaving Bain as the only original survivor with guitarist John Lockton holding tight close by.



The news stories regarding Robbo's exit also hailed a new era; the entry of a new band featuring ex-Lautrec members Rueben Archer (vocals), Laurence Archer (guitar) and Frank Noone (drums).

Live, they have already made an impression on the live circuit and this new ten-legged beastie is not short of a song or two, although something in the back of my mind is telling me to be cautious in giving them a final seal of approval. I don't want a case of the *deja vu*'s, but I'm not going to be a musical Nostradamus either.

Recently the group parted company with their management and record label, but still in the face of all this, if anything, financially crippling adversity the band plays on and Bain remains 'hungry'.

A fact he made obvious over a conversation and a couple of large Jack Daniels consumed in a pub around the corner to where Thin Lizzy were putting the finishing touches to their new album (which will be unravelled in greater depth in the next issue of this vital and might organ).

Q: What do you do when your boots leak?
A: Buy another pair.

THE INTERVIEW (S'cuse the chinking of glasses)

"Robbo lost interest in Wild Horses and recently left by mutual agreement, he wanted to go on further and do different things. Our former management screwed it up a bit." Bain was answering a question that he was obviously expecting.

When Robbo left, the group had just completed an album which, in retrospect, has a title that almost predicted the future — 'Stand Your Ground' — and the tour that was to follow quickly disintegrated into just a series of dates. The rot, it seems, set in during the recording of the aforementioned platter.

"For a while I tried to stop Robbo, but then I thought that the band might get a good kick up the arse if I put new people in it. It happened so quickly we had a small rehearsal with the current line-up and it seemed to click right away. Then *Sounds* got a hold of the fact that there were splits happening and wanted to print a story. So we had a picture taken together when we were only a week old and now a couple of months later we are thinking did we make the right decision? ... I am certainly a lot happier about it now, although we

don't have the same management or record company, there's an enthusiasm there that wasn't evident before."

I asked Jimmy about 'Stand Your Ground' which even with its shaky conception still stands as one of the more rock-steady melodic albums of the year.

"I was really happy with it, had it been played it would have been more successful. I don't think we had any help from our record company making it a record that someone would buy. The label and management didn't really believe in it like the band did.

"The tour we were then supposed to do was cancelled and any hope we had left was blown out by the fact we shat on our fans by not touring when we said we would. The fact that we're not with them anymore I can say this: they pulled out their support of the tour and left us in the shit!"

What are you going to do now?

"Well, we're on the lookout for a good record company that will take the interest as opposed to the one with the most money and we'll manage our own affairs until we find someone with the interest that is required."

How do you feel the departure of Robbo has affected yourself and the band?

"When it happened I didn't have much time to think about it, 'cause everything was going that fast. It wasn't until we got to do some gigs that I got a chance to look back and think what it was before, I much prefer it now. Before we were going three different ways at the same time, now there is a much clearer picture of where we are going. There were musical differences with Brian and I.

"I think during the making of the last album, there was certain material that he was writing that didn't fit in with the band. He disagreed with some of my writing but I think I was in a wee bit more control than he was, it went my way rightly or wrongly, you can't really tell. I was following my nose and putting my foot down, more than in the past, which you have to do with Brian or you never get anywhere.

"Brian wanted to run it in a different way and I let it go almost two years, his way. Then I decided it wasn't the way I wanted it to be and took the reins, that's when I think the split happened, he couldn't handle anybody else telling him what to do. It came during the making of 'Stand Your Ground' where personalities don't come into it, you've got to get the record done by hook or by crook.

"A record must be finished as quickly as possible within the budget. I don't think Brian thought about budgets, he would think about guitar solos while I would think about the band. The band is an outlet for me, but also for the other guys as well.

"We have more democracy now, although there is one leader, you can't have more than one leader. I sort of musically direct and let everyone else chip in their ideas. Everybody has a chance to air their views; I don't make the decisions and then tell them, we discuss it."

You have written a lot of new material lately.

"Now it's all band compositions, Brian and I, when we started, we decided we would make it 50/50, it was fair enough to start with, him and I were probably the names. But when you get people like Neil Carter talented but with no personality to project it and you have to fight with someone like Brian it's not surprising Neil ended up leaving and joining UFO, he probably thought he would get onto things that would satisfy him musically. I was satisfied but for all the wrong reasons. I let something go on and when I tried to rescue it, it was too late . . . that's why I had to make drastic decisions."

You're thinking of bringing out a single on an independent label.

"Yes, that's probably what we'll do next. We also intend to do the same tour that was lined up when 'Stand Your Ground' was released, but have a record out and T-shirts have all the things that kids want to buy. We want to see work done as opposed to promises, it causes less hassles to do it yourself."

How are you keeping it together financially?

"We are keeping ourselves above water by doing gigs. In the first six months of '81 Wild Horses did one UK gig. For a band that thrives on work that's not on. We want to get out and play, not sit on our arses writing songs."

I pointed out that Bain's songwriting seems to have blossomed (if you'll s'cuse such a pansy expression) since his collaboration with Lynott.

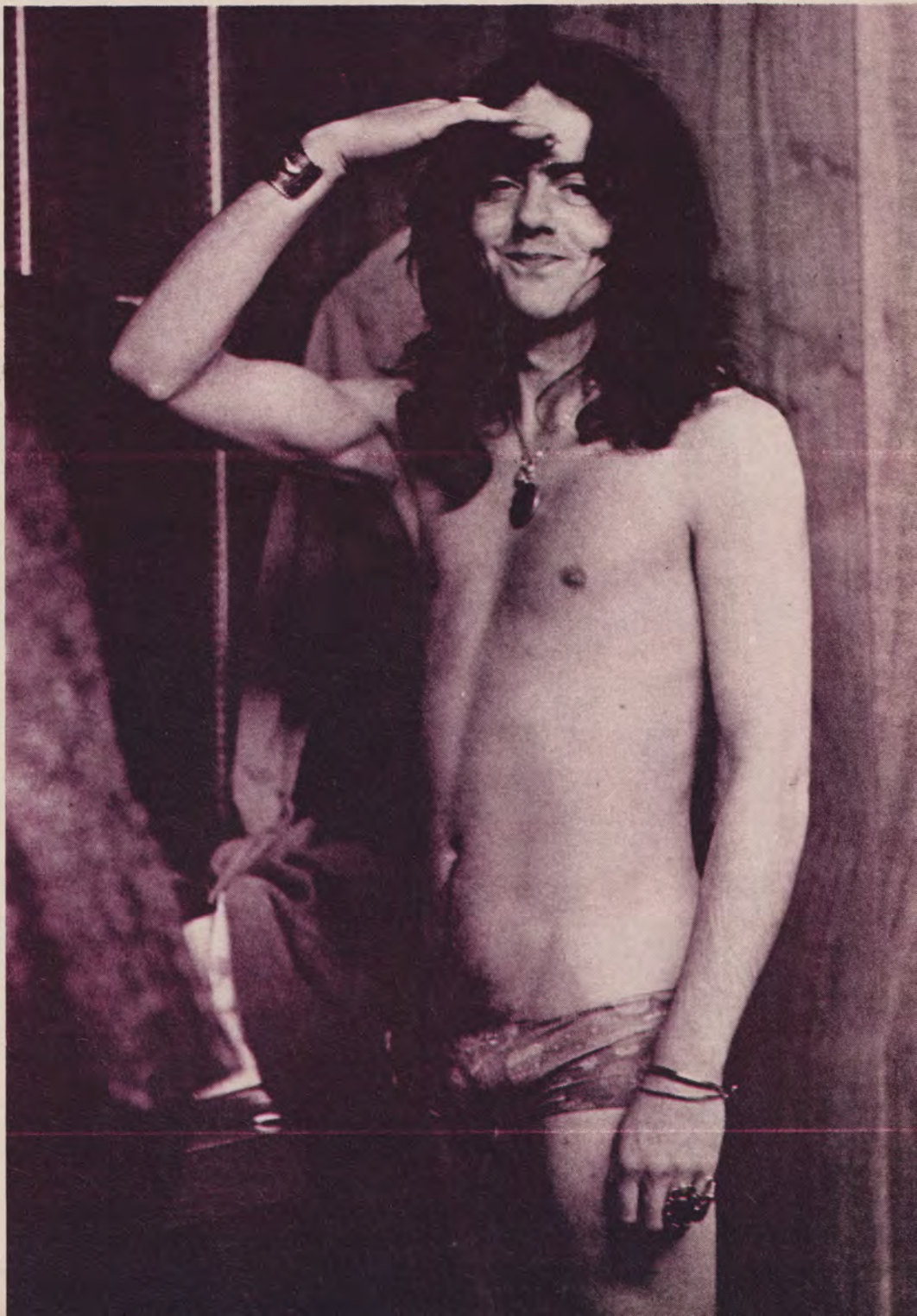
"I think the change was a lot down to the split from Brian," our man in the hot seat admitted, "my authority was there on 'Stand Your Ground' much more than on the first album. You can't get away with being average, there are so many bands that don't look at things objectively. It has made me harder, all this bullshit I have been through, and I'm coming to grips with it now."

"I am not a tyrant but I always try to give 100% and expect that from everybody else. I am going to be wary now, though, about everything there is so much bullshit in this business. And I'm

not interested in solo albums, I want Horses to be the means until the end. They are an enthusiastic bunch of guys, they want to be headlining at the Hammersmith Odeon, they likely think that Horses is a break for them, but they have to work and they know it — it's not their head that goes on the chopping block, it's mine. Cozy once said that about Ritchie and I understand what he meant."

Although some of this may strike you as sounding like some doomy sermon on the evils of da biz Bain is in fact very enthusiastic/optimistic about the future; it's just that the turbulent past has made him more assertive about his role in the band, which on the whole he feels has much more promise and identity than ever before.

"I have got the band set up as I like it but there could be changes in it if it doesn't turn out to be the right combination. I am not trying to be a Ritchie Blackmore but I know what I want and I'm not going to settle for anything less from anybody."



WILD HORSES

pic by Denis O'Regan



BILLY SQUIER

(centre)

pic by Paul McKenna



TYGERS OF PAN TANG

pic by Rik Walton



BUDGIE



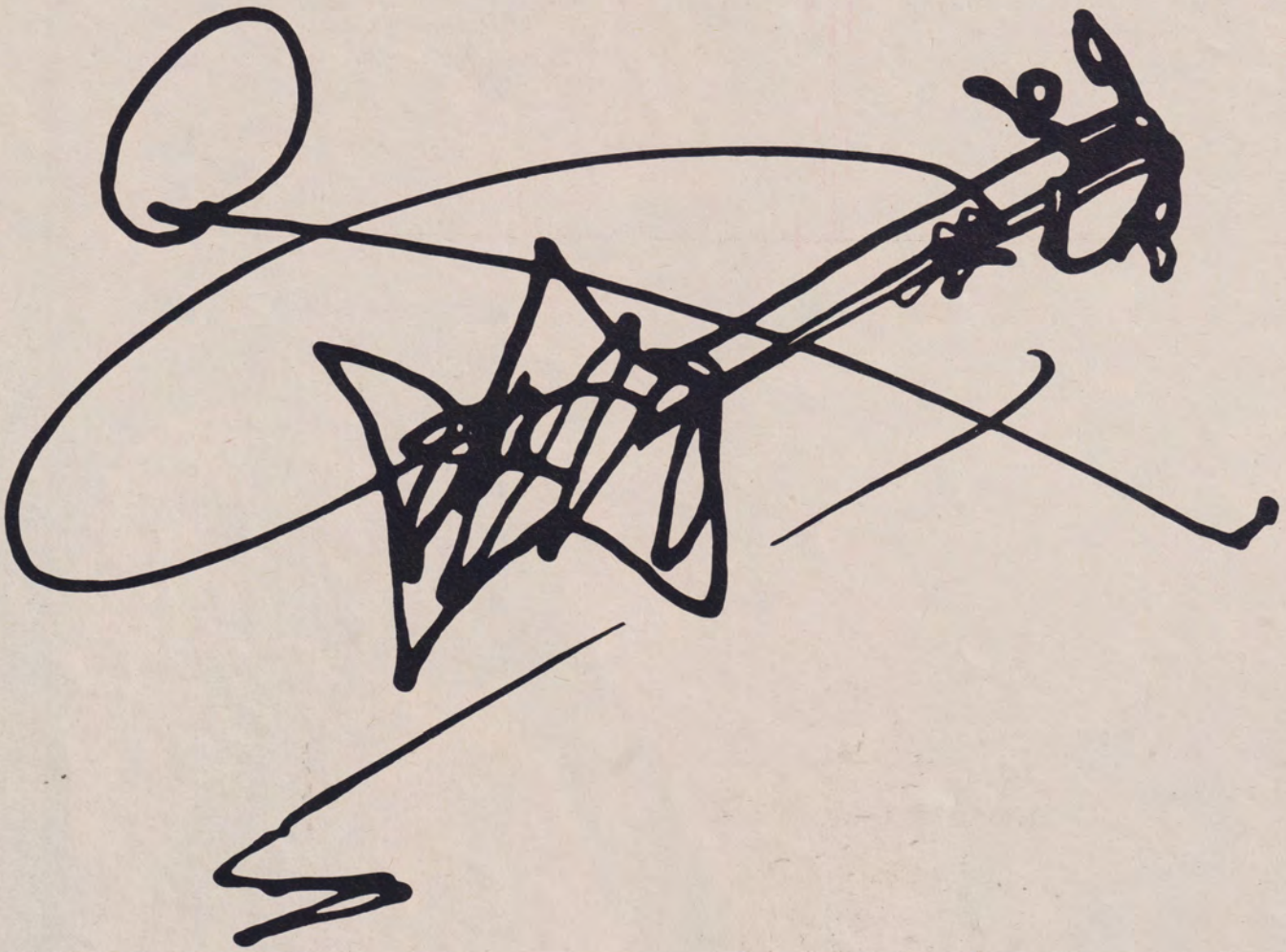
REO SPEEDWAGON

Kevin Cronin

pic by Denis O'Regan



GREG LAKE



1969: Formation of King Crimson (Greg Lake, Robert Fripp, Ian McDonald, Michael Giles). Debut gig at free concert in Hyde Park. "In The Court Of The Crimson King" released – their only album to include Greg Lake.

1970: Emerson Lake & Palmer formed. 1st public appearance at the Isle of Wight Festival. Debut album "Emerson Lake & Palmer" released.

1981


Album released October on Chrysalis Records.

Debut gig Reading Festival with GARY MOORE (lead guitar), TED McKENNA (drums), TOMMY EYRE (keyboards) and TRISTRAM MARGETTS (bass).

9 ABERYSTWYTH, University.
10 CARDIFF, University.
12 DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall.
13 NORWICH, University of East Anglia.

15 LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre.
16 NEWCASTLE, Mayfair.
18 EDINBURGH, Playhouse.
19 SHEFFIELD, Lyceum.
20 MANCHESTER, University, Institute of Science & Technology (U.M.I.S.T.).
22 CANTERBURY, Sports Hall, University of Kent.
23 BIRMINGHAM, Odeon.
24 LEICESTER, Polytechnic.
25 BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens.

26 EXETER, University.
27 ST. AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum.
29 CRAWLEY, Leisure Centre.
30 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon.


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SPECIAL GUEST STARS

VOYAGER

STEVIE NICKS

pic by Chris Walter



Bella Stevie

STEVIE NICKS TALKS TO SYLVIE SIMMONS IN LOS ANGELES

H EAD PAST Marina del Rey towards the Pacific. Step past the male models on rollerskates, the tanned girls in jogging shorts, the bicycles and Porsches and macramé plant hangers. And when you're as far as you can go without getting wet you're at Stevie Nick's apartment.

Overlooking the sea. Not on a cliff (where the salt-kissed waves are thrust and caressed by the wayward wind as she stares, entranced, by the storm's dark passion, etc. etc. etc.) but it is on the second floor, which affords a lovely view of the boats through Stevie's binoculars, or of the lifeguards outside without them.

This is where the Fleetwood Mac frontwoman lives, surrounded by pianos, plants, velvet, satin, women friends, stuffed animals and (probably unstuffed) poodles. If you could write interviews in 'Scratch 'n' sniff', this one's incense, roses and brine.

I'm watching a maid iron those chiffon Halloween party dresses Stevie always wears, while she's getting preened for the photographer. She emerges in archaic suede platform boots, flowing lace and corn-coloured (romantic heroines are never mere blonde) hair like some airbrushed cosmic cake decoration. She's beautiful, more natural and bright-looking than those pix where she succumbs to that blankest of blank looks, and stronger; not the wisp of a thing that needs propping up at the merest hint of a sea breeze that you'd expect.

Her first words simultaneously apologise, in that deep breathy voice, for the delay, offer us wine and encourage us out of the plush cushions on a grand tour of her musical gadgets, the latest being a rhythm machine that, she chortles, might yet have Mick Fleetwood out on the streets. Then she lounges on a large sofa. The place is most definitely set up for lounging, staring at the sea and songwriting.

"It comes incredibly easy, it's not work to me. I love writing songs more than anything in the world. I love sitting at my piano with a glass of wine and the lights kind of low and some incense and an idea. There's nothing I'd rather do. It's what I do." To the extent that 'Bella Donna', the solo album, could have been the first Mac soloist boxed set and there would still be plenty over.

"There's only one album every two or three years and, as a writer, two or three songs every two or three years is not much. It means you've got about 392 days a year to do nothing. And I write a lot all the time — sometimes three or four a month — so I have such an incredible backlog of material that there's no reason for me to ever have to write another song. Unless I can do records where I can put out 10 or 12 of my songs here and there — I have that many."

"I could start recording my next solo album tomorrow. That's how quickly I write. It's very frustrating when somebody walks past you when you're working and says, 'Ooh, you're writing another song? Why? We don't need another Stevie Nicks song, you've got too many already.' It rains on your parade and you start asking things like: 'Is this stupid? Should I really just sit around and watch television and not bother doing this?'"

The solo deal was signed over two years back; even a Mac member can't take that long on overdubs.

"My part was done in 2½ months," she says indignantly; it usually takes most megastar groups that long to find the studio. "But I had to wait until everyone else in the band did their outside projects. The album actually took no time at all. It was begun and finished in such a flash, so easy, and it's like — you know when you really don't want a good book to end and you'd rather read it slower than finish it? With 'Bella Donna' I felt that, from the beginning."

"In 2½ months we had 16 songs recorded that were perfect, no problems, because I had it all worked out from learning it all right here in this room, and all the craziness that went on here meant there was no craziness in the studio. In fact, it all went so perfect that we got bummed out because we wanted to sing them again and he (producer and current boyfriend Jimmy Iovine) said: 'You don't have to' and we're going: 'Oh shit, it's finished, we're out!'"

Of the songs cut out, one's definitely going on the next record, one went on the 'Heavy Metal' soundtrack (the connection is manager Irving Azoff who's behind the 'HM' film project, Stevie's radio is tuned into an easy-listening station and the albums lying around are no heavier than Tom Petty).

'Outside The Rain', one of the Tom Petty collaborations, was added at the last minute because "it was the only link between Fleetwood Mac and me. It was the song they would have done if they were involved in this record. It was the 'Dreams' or the 'Sarah'. And it was important to me that there be that link in the chain there, because the rest of it was very much me and very much *not* Fleetwood Mac, and because it's important to me that Fleetwood Mac is still a part of my life and that they understand what I'm doing."

Why wouldn't they? They're all off working on their solo stuff, aren't they?

"Yeah, but I'm the baby of Fleetwood Mac. Ha. I'm 33 years old, a very old baby, but it's hard for them to watch me walk away and do anything. Because everybody in Fleetwood Mac, including me, is possessive, jealous. It causes us a lot of grief, but at the same time it's never boring. I research Fleetwood Mac all the time in my head and try to figure us out. But I can't. It's a strange grouping of people."

J OHN'S ALWAYS going to the beach.

Mick's always going to the Renaissance Faire, Lindsey's always going to visit his tailor, I'm always going to a Halloween party, and Christine is like Christine always looks in her kind of cool clothes. Stevie giggles at the absurdity of this multi-platinum unit.

"It's funny to see us before we go onstage, standing in a circle. We look ridiculous! John's got his crew socks and his cut-offs and his T-shirt and baseball hat. Mick's got his velvet knickers and the same tights and shoes he's worn for a hundred years — you wouldn't want to be within 50 feet of him in that outfit, especially the next night when he's put it back on after it's been in the bus all day and never dried. Lindsey wears the same two Armani suits, one white and one grey every night."

And Stevie wears those tablecloths. Even around the house. Then again she did spend her formative years in San Francisco and when she joined Fleetwood Mac she decided "if I wanted to stay I was going to really have to figure out a gimmick, like toe-dancing or something that nobody else could do."

"At first they really didn't need another girl singer, why should they? They needed a guitarist, not a girl singer who couldn't really play piano or guitar or anything. It's human nature — they're not going to say: 'You stand out there now and be The Star and we'll just play', right? I know for a fact that I was simply being hired as extra baggage. They couldn't get Lindsey without me."

The Buckingham-Nicks package deal went back a long way, singing one song together in San Francisco, 1966 — "I met him in college; I was a senior, he was a junior. I never saw or heard from him again for two years, when he called and asked me to join his rock and roll band out of the blue."

The only band she'd been in before was Changing Times, one of those California Mamas And Papas-type things. Now she was alone with

her acoustic guitar and a bunch of self-penned songs.

She'd been singing since her grandfather (the late Aaron Jess Nicks, failed country singer, eccentric harmonica player, who lived in a trailer in Arizona when he wasn't bar-hopping and crooning) got her a "little outfit with guns and boots — I was a happening cowgirl" at the age of four and took her and her ubiquitous tambourine on the gin-house circuit. Until her father (one time brewery president, now a concert promoter) put a stop to her going on the road and uprooted the family to Texas, Utah, Mexico, Los Angeles and finally San Francisco. All she remembers of her hometown, Phoenix Arizona, is cacti and meeting Tex Ritter.

"I was still singing all the time — to the radio, to the Ronettes, the Beach Boys, Janis Joplin, anybody I listened to, until I moved up to San Francisco and then I basically did my own music."

Didn't everybody? But Mum and Dad Nicks decided this was no career for their Stephanie, so she went to college.

"I wanted to go to hairdressing school" — you should know that this woman trims her poodles hair herself, not to mention giving crew-cuts to the F. Mac roadies — "but they didn't go for that idea at all, so I did five years at college. I should have gone to hairdressing school because that would really have benefited me more. I was singing with Lindsey the whole time and found it real difficult to study."

Eventually Lindsey left his band Fritz, Stevie left her homemade candles and they moved to L.A. where they eventually got a Polydor record contract, preceded by "two years of solid depression. It was hard, you know, when you practice that hard and you sound that good and everyone tells you that you should be doing something else. You want to say: 'Well obviously we're not from the same planet, because I didn't sit down with this guy for five years and sing like this for you to tell me that nothing we do is commercial. You're crazy!'"

It was a terrible time, because Lindsey and I just couldn't understand how we could sing a beautiful song to you and nobody liked it and it was so pretty it made me cry. It was like: we don't belong here. Nobody understands us."

Except Fleetwood Mac, who discovered the matinee idol and the fairy princess and: "We were plucked straight out of obscurity — heavy obscurity. I was a member of Fleetwood Mac and still working in a restaurant (in Beverly Hills, a promotion at least from being the princess of Burger King) and it would have taken me weeks to make as a waitress what I was making in one week in Fleetwood Mac. But I wanted to give notice and leave on a good note because I liked my job and I didn't want to walk in there and go: 'Well now I'm going to be a famous rock and roll star', so I quit!"

Three weeks later we were recording. We finished the album in three and a half months. Four months later we went straight on the road and boy was it a big shock."

Considering they didn't want her in the first place, "They made me feel wonderful," she sighs, "and I fell madly in love with all of them, immediately, even though I knew in my heart they didn't really need me. So I'd try to be really good and maybe I'd find a way to be needed there. I didn't know what else to do. I liked them so much that I was willing to realise that logically I was lucky to get asked to join the band at all, so I would have to be so helpful in everything, right, or at least I could be a secretary or something, anything, because I wanted to be a part of it."

"And they knew it. They understood I felt this way. And they were real careful and never made me feel unwanted. Christine very willingly gave me the stage, which I thought was very cool or a

continues page 40



woman to say: 'Oh, she's five years younger than me and I've worked for ten years on the road, killed myself, and here she is, our new frontwoman.' It was incredibly big of Christine to just move out of the way, because I do tend to kind of animate around and I drive Chris nuts. Crazy.

"Chris will tell you that there were times in the last six or seven years when she was a little jealous. And I swear to God I never knew. Never one comment to the effect of 'I could really have done without you'. And I'm sure there were times when I'm flying around the stage in my gossamer chiffon where she had to think to herself: 'Wow, what's this? Fairy school?' and never once did she make me feel that. She knew from the beginning that I was real sensitive and that I love her so much that anything she'd say to me would cut like a knife. So she was always very careful."

MOST PEOPLE are careful around Stevie. You know that scene in Nashville where they wheel Ronnie Blakely on in white lace, hovering over her? Just change the hair colour. This woman gets phone calls from her record company in which the word 'unit' never even comes up. The record company president calls "and he doesn't say: 'Do you know how successful this album is?' He says: 'Are you enjoying this? Are you working too hard? This is the best moment of your life, Stevie, and I want you to be happy.'"

"They all know that I'm real vulnerable and real sensitive and that I can break real easy if I don't get back a little bit of the love that I try to put out, if I feel that I'm alone somewhere on an island by myself — then I start to die a little. And for some reason the business people seem to understand this — which is real hard, their job is on the line."

"I've had 50 people call me today to say: 'If it's too tough Stevie, stop. It doesn't matter.' With most artists they say: 'Look, we need these photos, this interview. Too bad if you're tired.' They just seem to know when I'm bummed and upset and they call me. This wouldn't be amazing if it was my Mum, but it is amazing when it's the president of Atlantic or of Modern Records or Irving (Azoff)."

"Something in my voice worries them a little. But only because I haven't done this before. I've always had four other people to work with. I can't call up John McVie or Christine and beg out — it's my gig. And it's not singing and it's not dancing, which I love to do. It's hard to do all this and none of the other."

"Stevie proved more fragile than the others on the last mammoth 'Tusk' tour. Her vocal chords got shot, leading to nightmares about never singing again and trips to specialists, who virtually handed her a wreath as they sent her onto the next stop."

"My voice is all right now. I worked a long time on it. But a year is too long. I could probably work for six months a year solid but not twelve. I'm not 18, you know, and I'm not as strong as I used to be physically. It gets harder and harder to be wonderful every night in front of all those kids that you're 15 years older than. I don't want a tired Stevie walking onstage trying to do 'Rhiannon' when I'm dead, I've killed my voice. It's not fair to the kids who paid their twelve bucks to see the concert."

"You can never call in sick. You can be on the side of the stage with terrible, terrible cramps and all of a sudden you've got 30 seconds to try and not even let that come into your head. I've seen a lot of shows that, because of extreme exhaustion, aren't special. For me there's nothing I'd rather do than go to a great rock concert. But there's nothing I'd rather not do than go to a rock concert by a great band that isn't good."

A solo tour isn't planned, but a few dates in major cities are, which will be filmed "Like a live stage production of 'Bella Donna' with a great rock and roll band, so it would be like the best of both worlds. We could really do it like the Othello of the 1980s."

TALKING OF films, we might as well take time to catch up on her other projects. A ballet of 'Rhiannon', possibly a movie "though whether or not there's ever going to be the time is another question. If 'Bella Donna' was difficult enough to get together, to pull 2½ months out of a hat, to make a movie is a lot longer and I can't see that kind of space coming up anywhere."

There's also a series of children's stories (her favourite books, wouldn't you know, are fairy tales like *Beauty And The Beast*, *The Little Mermaid*, or her own short story *The Golden Fox Of The Last Fox Hunt*, tales of gothic horror with the pain merely suggested) and letters and an autobiography filled with the "love affairs, the heartaches, the tragedies, the incredible happiness" in her life.

"It didn't start out to be anything but my journal — I've kept a diary for seven years now — but as I became a better typist it became more formal. It's real intense. It's a story that Taylor Caldwell (author of her favourite novel, *Ceremony Of The Innocent*) should sit down and write as I tell it to her, because it's that kind of thing. The story itself is as incredible as any story you've ever seen in a movie and you wouldn't have to make up a thing. It tells exactly what it is."

The songs come from the same source. After a show she'll write down her feelings — at the hotel, on the plane, turning the prose into poetry and getting a piano "sneaked into the hotel room" (not an easy task, but easier with Mac money "which is why we didn't make any money on that last tour — the luxuries") and there comes another one.

Her songs are "running commentaries on my life, exactly. Absolutely real. I don't lie and I never write down anything that isn't totally true. But I'm like your romantic fiction writer — I flower things. I toss a gardenia in here and a rose in there, so that a lot of the things that are real serious I say in a way that they're pretty enough that they don't turn people — like the dental assistant who's worked from 9 to 5 and comes home and is dead tired and puts it on — off. They have a little magic, but is not all airy-fairy."

"There's the wild side to me and there's the free side. As I get a little older, though, I get a little wiser. And though the wild side doesn't want any discipline whatsoever in her life, the part of me that knows that the only way I can get to people is to not be so terribly out of control balances the two."

Not so easy when being in a band that can't fail to encourage the spoilt brat in you?

"I've seen the tides change," Stevie protests. "I've seen the people turn away — like 'Tusk' or the live album. I've seen people get the wrong impression of five people I love, because it doesn't work every time, especially if you're so confident that it will work. It's truly better to stay at number two because there will always be the hope of doing something more creative and better. When you're number one, everything goes to the wind, and there's no place to go except down."

Fleetwood Mac have been working on their next effort at the famed Le Chateau studio. "It should be finished pretty quickly unless everybody decides to re-do everything." Or if it gets delayed by ghosts and things that go bump in the night. Stevie had some kind of brush with the spirit world in her bedroom there, something to do with a ghostly bird.

THE COVER of the 'Bella Donna' album came to her in a dream. The record company was on the verge of a nervous breakdown as she demanded a last-minute substitution with the new sleeve, white on misty blue, which is "completely opposite" to the 'Rumours' sleeve, stark black on

white. On the back's the three roses on the silver tambourine (three girl friends singing, three sides of the pyramid, she explains — she'd like to live in a pyramid if the Welsh cliffs are all taken — all very symbolic) and it means "coming in out of the darkness. A decision I had to make — a question whether or not I could do something alone without my comrades to hold me up. Because I'd been in a group so long that had been all in control."

When Mac tells her to jump, she jumps apparently. Only Christine McVie has the power to tell lanky Mick to stuff himself. John and Stevie get hysterical, Lindsey just stomps off.

Symbolism and dreams and things mean a lot to her (though there's no dream analyst in the spare room, "I prefer a little mystery in things") and so do spirits.

"I feel there are good spirits everywhere when I'm writing my songs, helping me. I just get a good feeling from, I don't know, the air. If we're talking vibes we're talking vibes."

And she believes in reincarnation. In her last life she used to be a monk. Inspirational fellows.

Tom Petty's a bit like that. Fan Stevie got together with the Heartbreakers, that bastion of Southern chauvinism, through Petty's wife of eight years (I didn't know either! They've got a little girl who just recently saw Daddy play for the first time, with Stevie).

"Jane and I figured it out long before Tom had any idea that we were scheming. And we did scheme. I knew we would be good together — I'm not joining the Heartbreakers or anything: I'm just a friend. But every once in a while we can start singing and give everybody a little extra magic. Because it kills me, so it's got to have an effect on them."

"I was brought up with a whole lot of men, those type of old-fashioned men that a woman mustn't get too pushy with if they're going to accept her."

A song on the album, 'Highwayman', is about as romanticised a picture of these new skinny machomen as you're going to get.

"Men were my first entrance into the rock and roll world, singing along with them on the radio. And all I ever wanted from them when I met them — like the Eagles — was to feel they actually liked me and even think I'm not a bad songwriter. I never needed flowers. Rock and roll men are like the highwaymen of old, sometimes giving to the poor, sometimes keeping it, always on the road."

At a rock and roll party last year Ann Wilson of Heart caught Stevie's eye across the room and felt a kindred spirit. "Misfit," she called them, women rock and rollers.

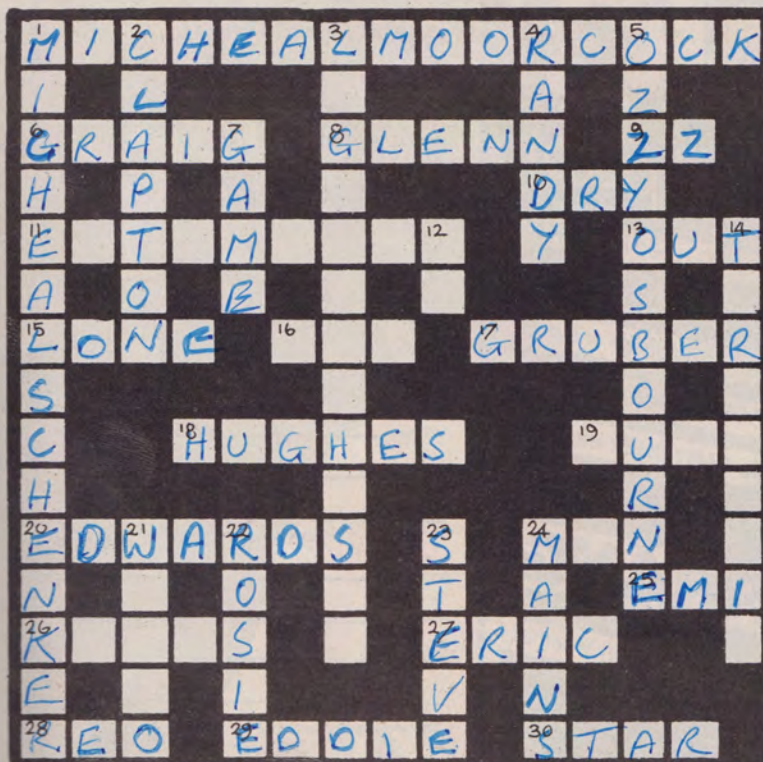
"Absolutely true," Stevie nods. "Ann and Nancy are really the only other two I can relate to. Outsiders. Heart can't go onstage without Ann or Nancy, and Fleetwood Mac can't go onstage without me or Chris. We've fought hard to be anything but background singers — I think we'd all rather quit and do something else than be background singers."

"I go back a long way, to Janis Joplin. There aren't many in the rock and roll business who are women that I feel any kind of respect at all for. Not that I don't give credit to Pat Benatar, I do. She's wonderful — but she's new. There's nothing I'd rather see than a great woman singer coming along, one that I could listen to — because I like listening to other people — but there's not too many."

There's another kindredship with Heart. For a while they took over as the *Crossroads* of rock in the soap opera world of gossip mags. Linsey and Stevie, John and Christine, biting the dust.

"Yes, it was like 'here we go again'. It's hard to be in a band with someone and love them and not get angry with them and go home and not remember they screamed at you onstage. But at least Fleetwood Mac stayed together completely. Heart kind of changed it. It's a rare group of people that could do that. But then we could never fire John. It would be like Fleetwood. You can't fire the Mac."

KERROSSWORD! by Sue Buckley



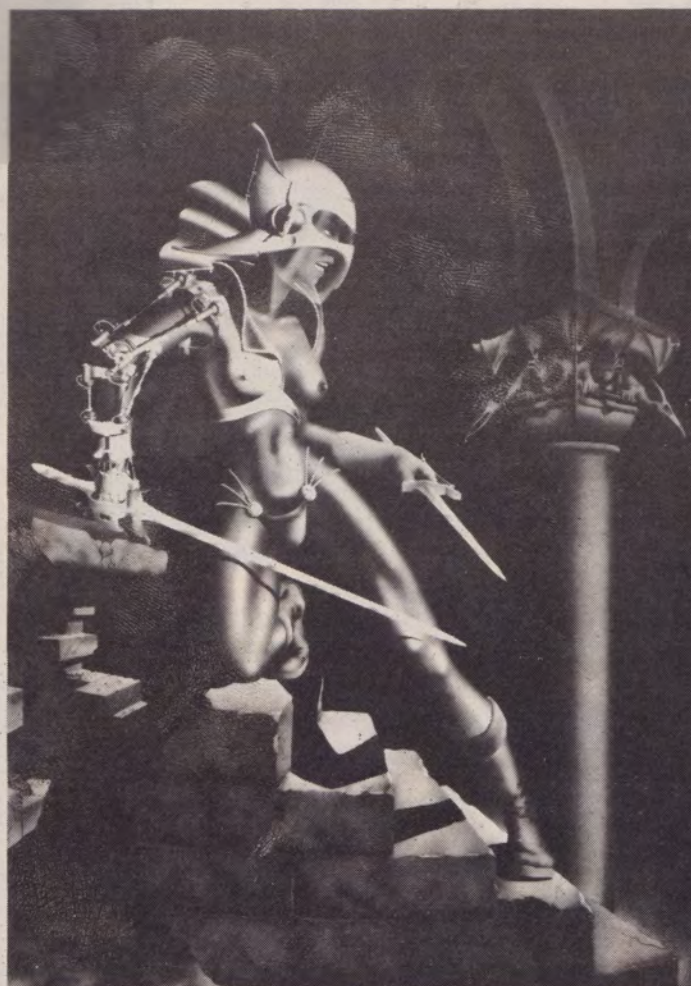
ACROSS

1. He's provided lyrics for several BOC tracks (7.8)
6. and 17. He played bass in both Elf and Rainbow (5.6)
8. and 18. A bassist with Deep Purple, before forming Trapeze (5.6)
9. Two letters for the Beards (1.1)
10. How Kerrang! tangs like their ice? (3)
11. and 24 across. They've got a pearl on Island though they sound robotic (9.3)
13. The door through which Zep enter (3)
15. and 30. Kenny Driscoll was their original vocalist (4.4)
16. A man for 25? (3)
17. see 6.
18. see 8.
19. Stones' Ms. Tuesday (4)
20. see 23.
24. see 11.
25. Label hiding in the middle (1.1.1)
26. Their early hits, notably 'You've Really Got Me' are remembered with affection by many H.M. fans (5)
27. and 2. This axe hero has played in bands like the Engineers, the Bluesbreakers and some more famous combos (4.7)
28. Three letters for a speedwagon (1.1.1)
29. Iron Maidens' mascot? (5)
30. see 15.

DOWN

1. He lost his horizon in the arena (7.8)
2. see 27.
3. Roth and co. letting off their fireworks? (5.2.3.3)
4. What Hansen has in common with Crawford (5)
5. He's been in bands called Rare Breed, and Earth . . . and also one or two others (4.8)
7. Just one at night for Bonnett (4)
12. Bad one for Rogers (2)
14. This axe hero almost joined Led Zep in '68. His solo L.P.s include 'River' and 'Rogue Wave' (5.4)
21. Ted's tango (5)
22. Angus' big lady (5)
23. and 20. This guitarist was edged out of Elf by Blackmore (5.7)
24. What you could plug AC or even DC into? (5)

Solution on page 47



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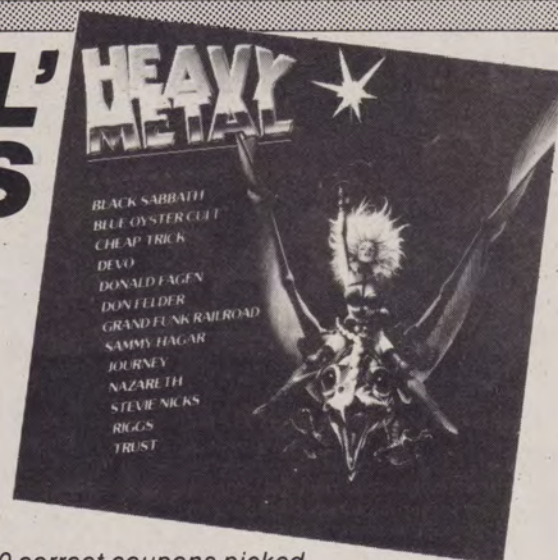
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'HEAVY METAL' KERRANG KONTEST

1. Where was Sammy Hagar born?

☐ (a) California ☐ (b) Nevada ☐ (c) Nebraska

2. Name three Hagar albums

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

3. 'Trust' is the biggest rock group in which country?

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Mark Reale

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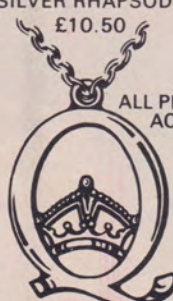
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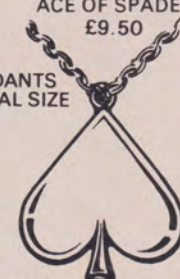
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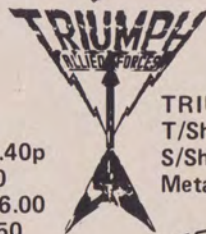
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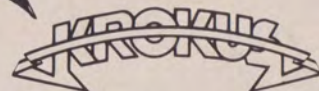
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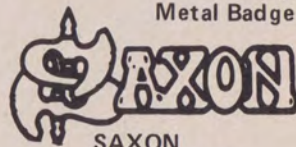
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